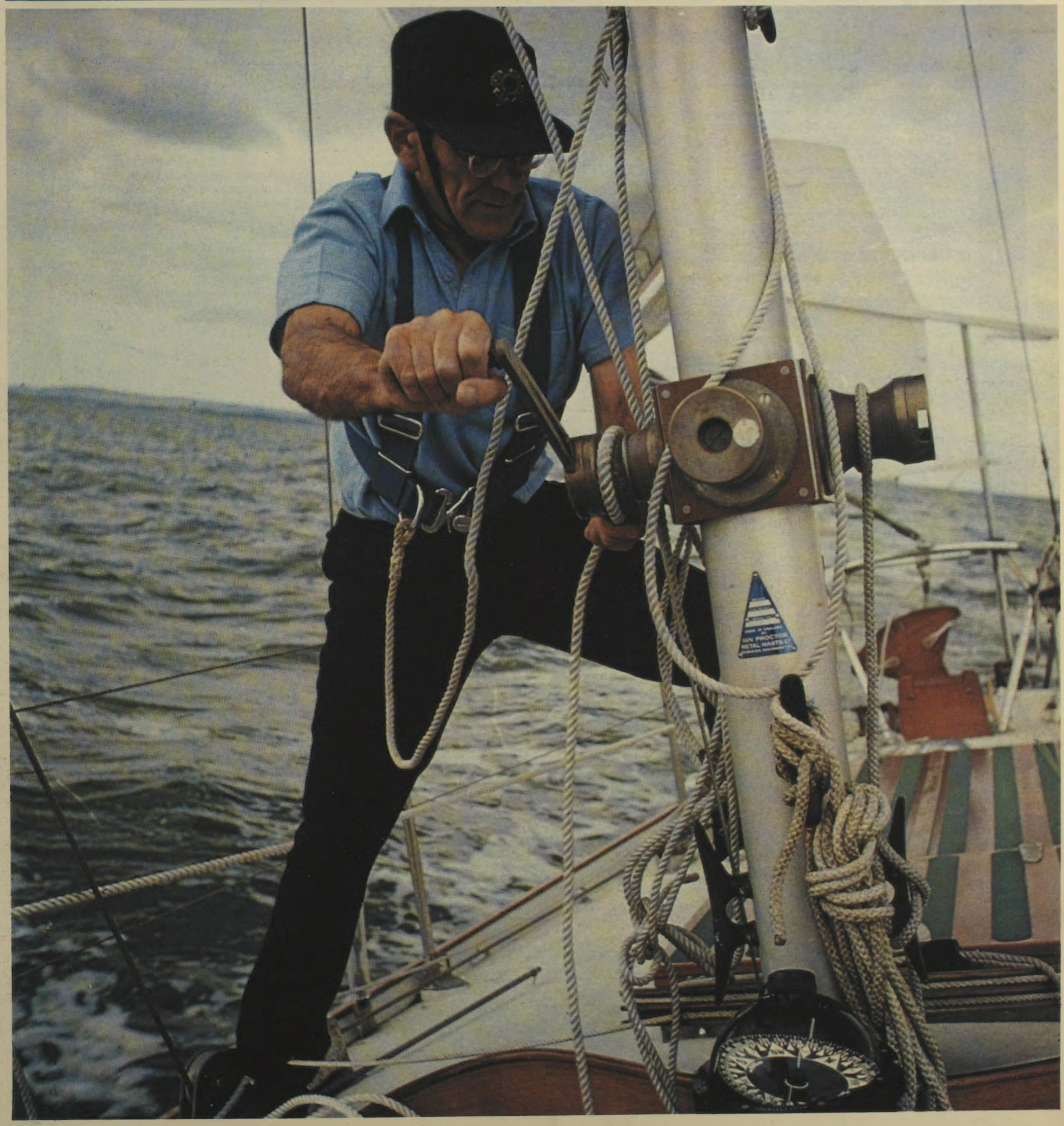
THE ILLUSTRATED
LONDON NEWS

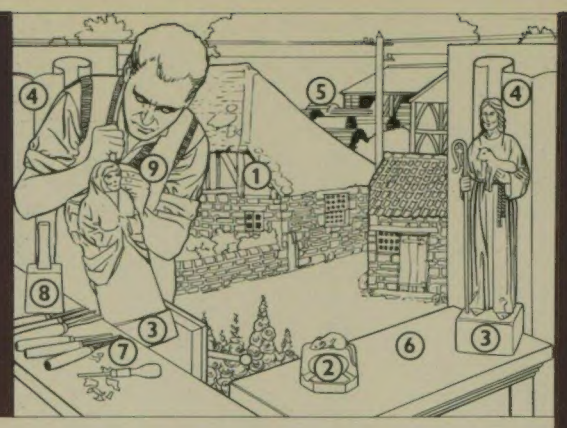
RETROSPECT 1966
a backward look at the year

CHRISTIE'S
two centuries of auctioneering

CHARLES CHAPLIN
his long career in the limelight



THE WOODCARVER



NEAR THIRSK in the North Riding of Yorkshire, the gigantic figure of a white horse stands out among the wooded hillside above Kilburn. There, in 1876, was born Robert Thompson, son of the village wheelwright. Apprenticed to an engineer he yearned to bring alive the spirit of craftsmanship in wood. Collecting a few simple tools, he quickly developed his inherent skill as a woodcarver. On his death in 1958, he left lasting examples of his work which, though carved from massive oak of immense strength, showed exquisite delicacy of detail and form.

Once, while carving a church beam, a fellow carver chanced to remark that they were as poor as church mice. On the spur of the moment Thompson carved a mouse and decided from there on to adopt it as his trade mark to appear on everything he and his fellow craftsmen carved. Eventually he became known the world over as the "Mouseman."

Grandsons Robert and John Cartwright with the help of local craftsmen continue the Mouseman's tradition of fine carving and furniture-making in premises adjoining Robert Thompson's cottage **1**. The church mouse **2** still peeps perkily from the feet of lifelike figures **3**, the arms of church pews or is to be caught in the act of climbing table legs, carved overmantels or linen fold panels **4**.

Timber yards are scoured for the finest English Oak (*Quercus Robur*), which is brought to the local sawmill for converting. Logs (trunks) are sawn and carefully stacked **5** to season naturally for at least five years. Though motorised sawbenches and over-and-under planers are now used for preparatory work, the surface of the oak is still finished with an adze to give a smooth yet undulating surface **6** which reflects the lifelike ripples on a pool.

A skilled carver uses up to a hundred and fifty chisels or gouges **7** of varying forms and sizes. The granite-hard blocks of oak are roughly chipped to shape with mallet **8** and chisel. Final and detailed shaping and smoothing down, shown **9**, is surely and unerringly worked by hand and chisel alone. At Kilburn, the finished work is fumed for several hours in an ammonia chamber before being wax polished. This imparts the rich golden nut brown colour and shows to perfection the silver figure (medullary rays) distinctive to oak.

The Mouseman's workshops are open to the public each weekday from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. (8 a.m. to 12 noon on Saturdays, and 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. on Sundays from April to October).

For more information on country crafts, why not send for a list of Country Workshops compiled by the Rural Industries Bureau, 35 Camp Road, Wimbledon Common, London S.W.19. (Please enclose 3d. stamp.)

New—*The Shell Country Alphabet* by Geoffrey Grigson; an encyclopaedia of countryside knowledge. Michael Joseph. 30/-.

Illustration: Leon Huens

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SHELL

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Published since 1842

Elm House, 10–16 Elm Street, London WC1 TERminus 1234

Editor: John H. Kisch

Cover: *Francis Chichester is surely the Man of the Year in many people's book; next month he is due to set off on the second leg of his round-the-world journey in* Gipsy Moth IV. *We look again at the events of the year in "Retrospect 1966" on pages 14-19.* (*Photograph: Ian Yeomans*)

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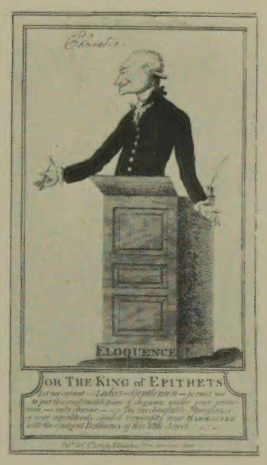
Charles Chaplin (*page 20*).



James Christie (*page 23*).

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Do not miss, in Mexico-City: the National Museum of Anthropology, the National Museum of History, the Museum of Modern Art, situated in Chapultepec Park. At Teotihuacan: the Pyramids of the Sun and the Moon, the Temple of Quetzalcoatl. At Tula: the gigantic Atlantes.

In the region of Oaxaca: Mitla and Monte Alban. In Villahermosa: the open-air museum of La Venta with its colossal monolithic heads. In the State of Chiapas: Palenque, Bonampak. In the State of Yucatan: Merida, Uxmal, Chichen Itza, Kabah, Labna. The colonial towns of Taxco, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato.

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CONSEJO NACIONAL DE TURISMO - DEPARTAMENTO DE TURISMO - MEXICO D. F.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

Saturday, December 31, 1966

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The Pope visits Florence

On Christmas Eve, His Holiness the Pope arrived in Florence to celebrate Midnight Mass in the Cathedral and is seen in our photograph outside Santa Croce, one of the city's churches worst hit by the floods. Here he was received by the Mayor, as the sound of *Adeste Fideles* came from the open door of the basilica, and balloons in the Papal colours, yellow and white, floated up to the dark sky. The Mass was celebrated in the brilliantly lit cathedral and in his address the Pope spoke of the problems of the time and especially of Florence itself. This is the first time that a Pope has identified himself with the life of Florence since the time of Eugenius IV, in the 15th century, though Pius IX passed through the city in 1857.

Window on the world

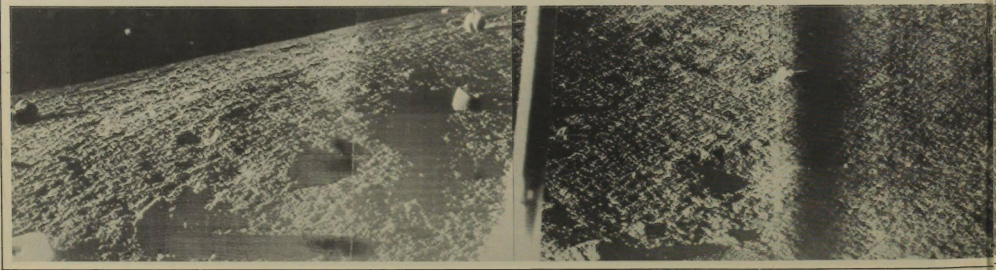
THE TRAGIC ROAD-TOLL OF CHRISTMAS: In what the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents has called the worst Christmas in history, 56 people were killed on the roads on December 23, 43 on Christmas Eve, 18 on Christmas Day, and 19 on Boxing Day —and this terrible total of 136 was provisional, since more statistics might come in and some of the injured might not recover. The Ministry of Transport figures for the three days of the holiday (with last year's figures in brackets) are: accidents, 2,316 (2,438); killed, 80 (55); seriously injured, 771 (752); slightly injured, 2,504 (2,046). Terrible though these figures are they should however be judged in context with the *daily* average throughout the year, which is: accidents, 1,090; killed, 22; seriously injured, 268; slightly injured, 800. Although detailed investigations were undertaken in 1959 and 1963, it is thought unlikely that this course of action will be followed this winter, as the Road Safety Bill is already going through Parliament and should become law by midsummer. Our photograph shows the result of a head-on collision near St Paul's, on Christmas Eve.

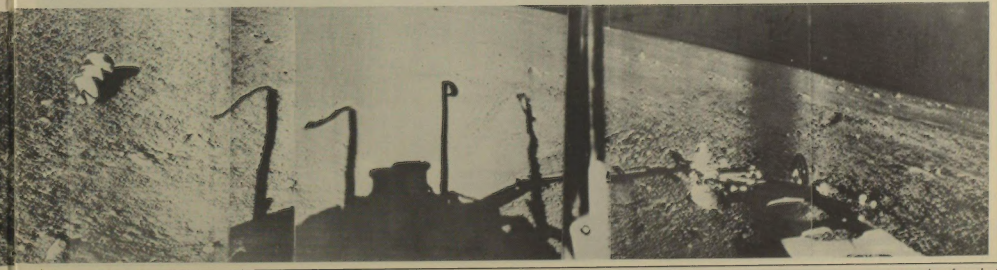
THIRD MOON LANDING: This flat and smooth expanse of the Ocean of Storms looks a promising landing area for the first manned expedition to the Moon. In spite of the few boulders and the medium-sized crater just below the horizon on the right it is one of the clearest areas yet found. The picture was taken by the Russian spacecraft Luna 13 which landed on Christmas Eve—the third soft landing on the Moon in 11 months. It shows equipment scattered by the impact of the landing—the object on the ground at the lower right may be part of the experiment to test the composition of the surface rocks. The bent bars visible in the centre of the picture probably attached the landing capsule to the main rocket.

US ADMISSION AS VIETNAM TRUCE ENDS: The United States Defence Department on December 27 admitted that American bombing of North Vietnam had included built-up areas and had caused civilian damage and civilian casualties. The statement said it was "impossible to avoid" all such damage as the North Vietnamese deliberately sited air defences or stored oil in populated areas. The official admission came with the publication of dispatches from Hanoi in the *New York Times* written by the paper's assistant managing editor, Harrison Salisbury. On December 26, Salisbury reported: "On-the-spot inspection indicates that American bombing has been inflicting considerable civilian casualties in Hanoi." On a visit to Namdinh (left), he saw "utter desolation" after US raids there resulting in 89 civilians killed and 405 wounded. Salisbury also described the town of Phuly, where "every building has been destroyed." The Defence Department stated that both places were "loaded" with anti-aircraft batteries and missile units.

President Ho Chi Minh of North Vietnam was photographed (above left) on December 19 visiting an anti-aircraft battery to maintain morale. Salisbury reports that bombing has not intimidated the population, but rather has aroused "popular determination." After the brief Christmas truce (top) the war resumed; the US forces disc jockey pulled the firing cord (right) as one battery went into action.

A comment of a different kind about the Vietnam war has also aroused debate. After the Pope's clearly expressed desire for a permanent end to hostilities the Archbishop of New York, Cardinal Spellman (above right), visiting South Vietnam made a sermon which seemingly contradicted the Pope's feelings. On Christmas Eve the Cardinal told troops that it was a "war for civilisation," that anything less than victory was inconceivable.





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Window on the world *continued*

NORTH LONDON TRAIN CRASH: Twenty people were injured when a train of empty sleeping cars jumped the points, swerved across two tracks into a signal box, and then was run into by the front coach of the 7.48 Radlett–St Pancras train on December 23. The signalman, Mr Alfred Cook, threw the signals to danger and operated the controls until he was rescued three hours later. One passenger, trapped by the legs for 70 minutes, was detained in hospital.

COMPROMISE OVER KENNEDY BOOK: Late at night on December 21, Mr William Attwood, editor-in-chief of *Look* magazine, was able to announce that a compromise solution had been reached over the publication of *The Death of a President*, Mrs Jacqueline Kennedy having agreed to drop her suit on condition *Look* cut 1,600 words from their four-part 60,000-word serialisation, beginning January 10. The West German magazine, *Der Stern*, stated however that it intended to go ahead with its publication of the original version, despite protests by *Look*. The author, Mr William Manchester, admitted to hospital on December 18 with a high temperature, was off the critical list by December 26.

AUSTRALIA BEATS INDIA IN THE DAVIS CUP: Although Ramanathan Krishnan and Jaideep Mukerjea gave the Australians a run for their money when they beat John Newcombe and Tony Roche in Melbourne on December 27, Emerson's singles win over Krishnan and Stolle's over Mukerjea clinched the rubber by four matches to one in the Challenge Round. It was the first time that India has reached this final stage in the Davis Cup.

CIRCUS AT OLYMPIA: Although apparently doomed last year, the Bertram Mills Circus was rescued and opened on December 23, though it is likely that this will be its last appearance there. A new site near London is being looked for.

"NO SECURE PRISON": Thirty-two prisoners escaped from gaols throughout Britain during the Christmas period—including five from Walton on December 22, hours after the publication of the Mountbatten report on prison security. By the morning of December 28, tireless police activity (above, on Dartmoor) had resulted in the recapture of 16 of the 32—but the escapees had themselves underlined the main criticism of the report, that "there is no really secure prison" in Britain. The inquiry was launched by the October escape of George Blake, the convicted spy, who had lulled prison authorities into allowing him extra freedom, as had Frank Mitchell, who escaped from Dartmoor, while the Mountbatten inquiry was actually in progress. The Home Office has already announced that it intends implementing most of the recommendations contained in the report. It was signed (below) by Lord Mountbatten, on its completion, watched by committee members Mr Robert Mark, Chief Constable of Leicester; Mr Julian Bantock, a retired prison governor; and Mr Robert Lees, a deputy director at Farnborough Royal Aircraft Establishment. The report said it would be "unfair and unjust" to blame any individual or censure any political administration; there were "clear weaknesses in physical security, and in administration at prison level and in the Home Office." Chief recommendations were the building of a new maximum-security prison on the Albany site on the Isle of Wight and the creation of a new post of Inspector-General of the prison service. The report also urged greater professionalism in the appointment and promotion of prison staff, a more systematic allocation of prisoners to gaols, and the liberalising prison regimes though reducing pressures to escape.

ARKLE GOES LAME: The nine-year-old steeplechaser which has won practically every important event in the National Hunt calendar may never race again. After taking second place to *Dormant* in the King George VI Chase at Kempton on December 27, *Arkle* (shown at the last fence) was found to have a broken bone in the hoof of his right foreleg.

BOYS AND GIRLS COME IN TO PLAY: Eric Sykes was at the controls of the midget submarine on the Royal Navy stand when the Schoolboys' and Girls' exhibition opened at Olympia on December 27. Other attractions this year include a Vulcan V bomber (RAF stand), pets (W. H. Smith stand), and a harmonica contest run by Larry Adler.

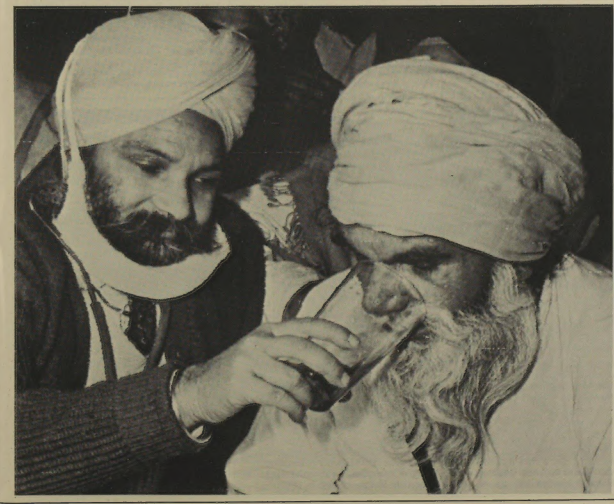
continued overleaf

Window on the world *continued*

APPEAL FOR UNITY: The Duke of Edinburgh was a luncheon guest of General and Madame de Gaulle at the Grand Trianon at Versailles on December 20 during his two-day visit to France. Speaking at a Paris dinner, Prince Philip made a plea for a union between EFTA and the Common Market: an "obvious" step, he said, was "to bring our two trading systems into partnership." Technological and industrial cooperation in Western Europe was also desirable, he said, and the Concord programme was its "spearhead."

SCHOOLBOYS ON THE TRACK: The members of the Kettering Grammar School satellite-tracking group have pulled off a scientific scoop; they have succeeded in pin-pointing a Soviet rocket-launching site somewhere near the Arctic Circle. Using ex-government equipment worth about £25 and under the leadership of senior physics master Geoffrey Perry (centre, background), with chemistry master Derek Slater (to his left), they have tracked four secret Russian satellite launchings with more accuracy than the US National Aeronautics and Space Administration, which spends £300 a year on space tracking. The school has an extremely lively science set under Mr Perry, and besides the tracking station—called COSPAR 2289—the boys also run a local weather station and build their own geiger counters. The American magazine *Aviation Week* has praised Kettering Grammar School for its achievement: boys, mind you don't go down the brain drain.

A UNIQUE INNS OF COURT OCCASION: On December 21, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended a Christmas service in the Temple Church and dined with the Treasurers and Masters of the Bench of the Inner Temple and Middle Temple in Inner Temple Hall. Although both have dined separately with the Benchers, they have never before visited the Inns together.



CONSECRATION OF A BISHOP: Dom Christopher Butler, OSB (left), formerly the Abbot of Downside, was consecrated as Auxiliary Bishop of Westminster, on December 21. Cardinal Heenan (centre, right), performed the ceremony. The new bishop will be given Hertfordshire as his sphere of action, and will lecture to seminarists at St Edmund's, Ware. His residence will be near the college.

SIKH LEADER BREAKS HIS FAST: Sant Fateh Singh, the Punjab Sikh leader (right) broke his ten-day fast on December 26 with a sip of honey and orange juice. He had threatened to immolate himself on that day unless the city of Chandigarh were merged with the Punjabi state. Chandigarh, built by Corbusier, now serves as the seat of government for both Punjab and Hindi-speaking Haryana, the territories into which the former Punjab was partitioned a year ago. That division came as a result of a similar threat of self-immolation by the Sant. His present demand is that the institutions held in common—governor, high court, and electricity board—should be removed. The Sant's fast took place in the holiest shrine of the Sikhs, the golden temple of Amritsar, surrounded by armed Sikh guards. A concrete bath, built a year ago for the same purpose, was prepared for the end of his fast, when he would soak himself with petrol, and set himself alight. During the course of his fast, the Sant was joined by six of his disciples, of the fanatical Akali Dal party, who also determined to burn themselves to death. Security measures were taken in the Punjab as the immolation day approached: almost two thousand people were taken into preventative custody. At the last minute an emissary arrived from Mrs Gandhi promising arbitration.

Personalities of the week

Sir Hugh Greene is a massive figure, towering (six foot six) and modest at the same time, with a thoughtful brow and a friendly grin to hide the weight of his problems. In personal contact, no man inspires greater warmth and confidence than the Director General—the brains—of the BBC, whose impact on the nation, however subtle and indirect, is greater than that of most men. Last week, in the absence of newspapers for three full days, the Corporation, to a greater extent than rival television, was the main source of news and entertainment at home. The week also brought the climax —or anti-climax—of the controversy around Jonathan Miller's *Alice in Wonderland*, while the BBC's impending invasion of the pop scene became a subject of discussion.

No wonder the cartoonists have appropriated Sir Hugh Greene with such alacrity. Each cartoon tells a story, as Sir Hugh is shown impoverished and reading the news in a derelict studio (to represent the BBC's economy drive) or, as depicted by Scarfe, with his hands tied, his behind being kicked by Mr George Wigg, and his tongue being chopped off by Mr Harold Wilson (when the Premier was displeased with the handling of political broadcasts). But as the year moved to a close Illingworth represented him as a knight triumphant embracing the viewer and holding on to a big licence fee while smiting the pop pirate with his sword. To complete the sequence a *Mirror* cartoon displayed a replica of " Auntie's Own " with a front-page portrait of Sir Hugh, to ridicule the preposterous idea that *The Times* should have been run by a public corporation.

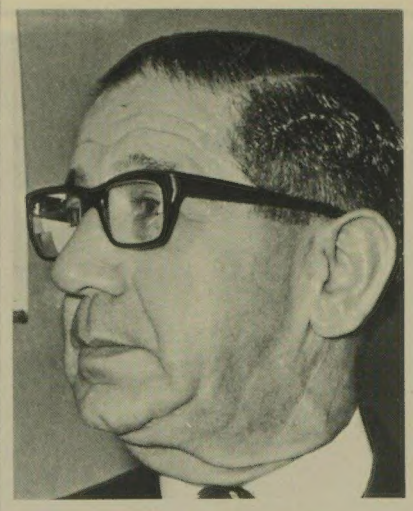
The central figure of all this good-humoured newspaper badinage is himself a trained newspaperman who, as Hugh Carleton Greene, was the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* before the war. Like a newspaperman, he usually takes a broad view of affairs and, while keeping the Corporation on neutral ground, is never slow to express his own views. He travels a great deal and the foreign Press gives prominence to the things he says—which have more than once moulded foreign broadcasting practices.

At home he had the distinction of being featured by his rivals when Lord Francis-Williams interviewed him for the ATV programme *The Opinion Makers*. He talked about such touchy subjects as the risk of television saturating people with instant news (" There is a danger, for instance, in giving excerpts from political speeches ' live ' during elections . . . but it is an enormous advantage to be seeing a great event as it happens "). He also discussed the dilemma of having to be view-less yet developing programmes like *Twenty-Four Hours* which seems to fill an editorial function. He is concerned with horror on the screen, recalling the trouble with the *War Game* film. Yet Sir Hugh's impressive bulk frequently bursts the straitjacket of the BBC's restricted brief and the result is programmes like *That Was The Week That Was*, and *BBC* 3. It tells a great deal about Sir Hugh that when the country's most uninhibited satirists progressed beyond the fringe they found a home at the BBC.

Somehow he takes it all in his stride and if anything looks younger than his 56 years. He was educated at Berkhamsted and Oxford, and joined the *Telegraph* at the age of 24. Hitler expelled him from Germany and he went on to report from Warsaw, Poland, and Rumania, ending up in France but returning home in 1940 to take over the important BBC German department. After a brief interruption in 1950 he has been with the BBC ever since, rising slowly but steadily to the top. Sir Hugh has been married twice, and has two sons from each marriage. W.F.

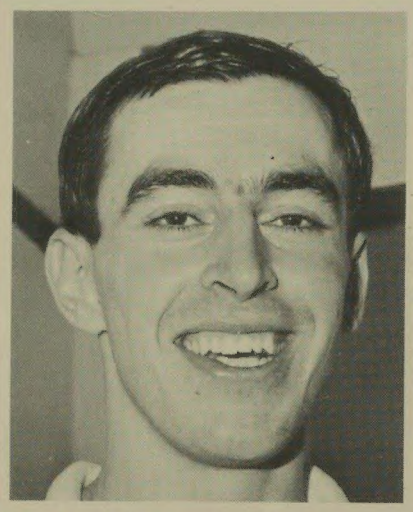
The appointment of Mr John Pumphrey as British High Commissioner to Zambia has been approved by the Queen. He will take up his appointment some time in the new year. Mr Pumphrey is 50. He was Assistant Private Secretary to the then Mr Attlee as Prime Minister, and has held diplomatic posts in Singapore and Belgrade. In 1950, he was on the Control Commission for Germany.

Mr A. J. Scamp, chairman of the Motor Industry Joint Labour Council, said in his first annual report on December 21 that failure to enforce agreements between management and unions could lead to anarchy in the industry—and that some firms were already not far removed from that state. Stoppages were on the increase, and the need to solve industrial relations was urgent.

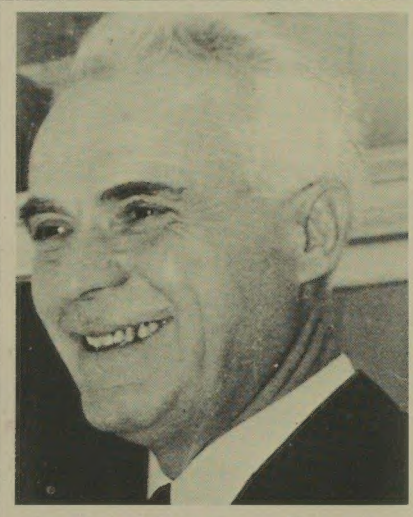


Sir Alex Samuels, known as " Mr Transport " in his unpaid advisory post under eight successive Ministers of Transport, has resigned his post after 20 years' service, it was announced on December 22. It is believed that he had had differences of opinion with Mrs Castle over road policies and the London traffic problem, although he stated they were still " close friends."

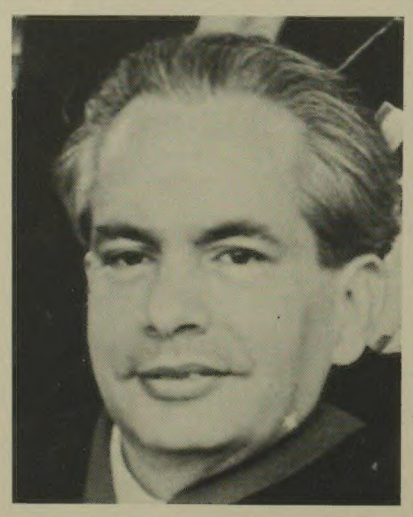
On December 21, Father Charles Davis (43), Professor of Theology at Heythrop College, Oxford, stated that he had left the Roman Catholic Church, of which he had been a priest for 20 years. He also said that he intended to marry Miss Florence Henderson, an American. A leading theologian, he said he was leaving because of fundamental differences on dogma he finds impossible to accept.



For the first time for 28 years the world squash rackets champion is British and, for the second time only in the history of the contest, an amateur. He is 25-year-old Jonah Barrington, from Cornwall. In successive matches he beat Abou Taleb and Ibrahim Amin and in the final defeated the Pakistani amateur, Aftab Jawaid, 9-2, 6-9, 9-2, 9-2, in the first-ever all-amateur final.

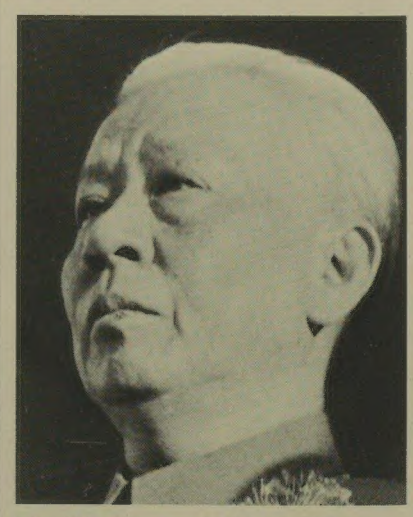


After the resignation on December 21 of the Greek Prime Minister, Mr Stefanopoulos, King Constantine asked a banker, Professor Paraskevopoulos (above) to form a non-political Cabinet pending elections in May. The new Cabinet, announced on December 22, includes eight university professors, the remaining five being lawyers, bankers, civil servants, and judges.



Dr Roberto Arias, who was shot and seriously wounded by Alfredo Jiminez in 1964, was expected in Panama on December 29 for a month's stay before returning to London to continue treatment. Jiminez vanished after the attack, returned in February 1965, disappeared again when bail was refused him. Dr Arias blames General Vallarino, the Guard commander and his foe, for the escape.

Sir Donald MacGillivray, the last British High Commissioner for the Federation of Malaya, died on Christmas Eve in Nairobi aged 60. He was made deputy high commissioner in Malaya under General Sir Gerald Templer during the state of emergency in 1952. Sir Donald succeeded Templer in 1954 and remained High Commissioner until Malaya became independent in 1957.



The Chinese head of state, Liu Shao-chi, was reported on December 27 to have made a " confession of errors " in Peking. For some months he has been under consistent attack by Red Guards for opposing Mao's cultural revolution. Public admission of guilt in China is the normal way in which a party leader expresses submission to higher authority.

Our Notebook

by Sir Arthur Bryant

I SEE THAT in a consortium published this month in the *Weekend Telegraph* called "God in the Scientific Age" (December 16), my old and much valued friend, Ludovic Kennedy, has given his views, with five other contemporary thinkers—including a cardinal, a bishop, a dean, and a scientist—on how religion has been affected by recent discoveries. He begins by stating that he is a humanist, and that the humanist does not believe that God created man in his own image but that men, at all times, have created gods for their own needs. "Because," he goes on, "the humanist's deepest beliefs are concerned with man's relationships to men, not gods, they are not initially affected by the prospect of widened horizons. He asks himself the same questions as the Christian. When and where did it all begin? Why are we here? What lies beyond the furthest star? But unlike the Christian he does not know, or expect to know, or feel a need to know, the answer."

The younger generation

In this frank avowal of his belief, or rather disbelief, Ludovic Kennedy is at one with a large proportion, probably a majority, of the younger generation in this country. It is not merely that they do not believe in a future life—an attitude that explains their intense concern, even as it must seem to some, obsession, over the horror of premature death, as shown by the popular campaigns against the nuclear bomb, the Vietnam war, and capital punishment—but they cannot see the need to concern themselves with an event so seemingly remote to them as death in the course of nature.

In this island, at least since 1945, much of the harshness and discomfort of life that men have had to face in earlier ages has been eliminated by the Welfare State and a host of scientific and mechanical devices for easing existence. It has become for most what Ludovic Kennedy describes as a "cosy" world. Yet, with his habitual honesty, he makes a reservation which, though it does not in itself invalidate the case for "humanism," may well weaken its appeal. "In this cosy old world in which we live and whose workings we think we know," he writes, "humanism is easy enough. But when at last man is launched into space, groping his way through the dark pit of the universe, he may feel the need of a loving hand to guide him. He may turn, as his ancestors turned at the dawn of their history, to a god or gods to succour him." And this bears out something which I have long noticed, while lecturing to servicemen during the war and after; that those who, in Wordsworth's words, are:

. . . doomed to go in company
with Pain.
And Fear and Bloodshed,
miserable train.

seldom evince much enthusiasm for a philosophy that dispenses with God and the hope of a future life. Soldiers, sailors, and airmen, whose lot and duty it is to stake their lives for others, usually feel the need for some force outside of, and stronger than, themselves, to sustain them in the hour of danger and suffering.

Science and the universe

But the question whether scientific knowledge has made religion superfluous goes deeper than this. As another of the contributors to the consortium — Sir Bernard Lovell, director of the Jodrell Bank observatory—put it, "there is no possible scientific answer in the strictest sense to the vital question of the condition of the universe at time zero," at what, that is, the Bible describes as "In the beginning." "In any discussion of the beginning the theological and metaphysical approach has equal validity with the scientific. Neither does it seem that the scientists can ever answer the question as to whether the universe we observe is the totality of the cosmos."

As another contributor, the Bishop of Southwark, says, "God can neither be proved nor disproved." The validity of belief in God and our own immortality turns on a single and simple question. It concerns the human capacity for understanding. If we claim that with our human and terrestrial intelligence we are capable of comprehending all things, including the mystery of our own existence, the case for both God and our personal immortality goes by default.

For centuries great Christian philosophers, like Thomas of Aquinas, have tried to prove the truth of the Christian *credo* by rationalising it by irrefutable intellectual and logical arguments in its support. They have always failed, and always must fail. It is for this reason untrue to say that science and human understanding of the material world has knocked the bottom out of the Christian Faith. It may have done so to some of the legends that have attached themselves to Christianity, but it has neither destroyed nor weakened the central tenet of Christian belief—that, through faith in Christ and observance of the truths He taught, men can transcend death and find immortal life.

The first principle of Christianity, as of all religion, is wonder—wonder at the inexplicable miracle of God's creation, the miracle of life itself. The second is humility—the overriding sense of one's own mental limitations and powerlessness in the presence of the great mysteries of birth and death, the two mysteries which no scientist has ever been able to solve or even to throw the slightest real light on. He can show, as men have been able to show for countless centuries, how the physical body is born from the womb, and how disease, injury, and decay deprive it of life. But how that life comes to be and whence it comes, and where, if anywhere, it takes its way when, in the instant of physical death, it deserts the body, we are no nearer discovering than our most remote and primitive forbears.

The mystery of existence

A thousand times I have heard men tell
That there is joy in Heaven and pain in Hell,
And I accord right well that it is so;
And yet indeed full well myself I know
That there is not a man in this countrie
That either has in Heaven or Hell y'be.

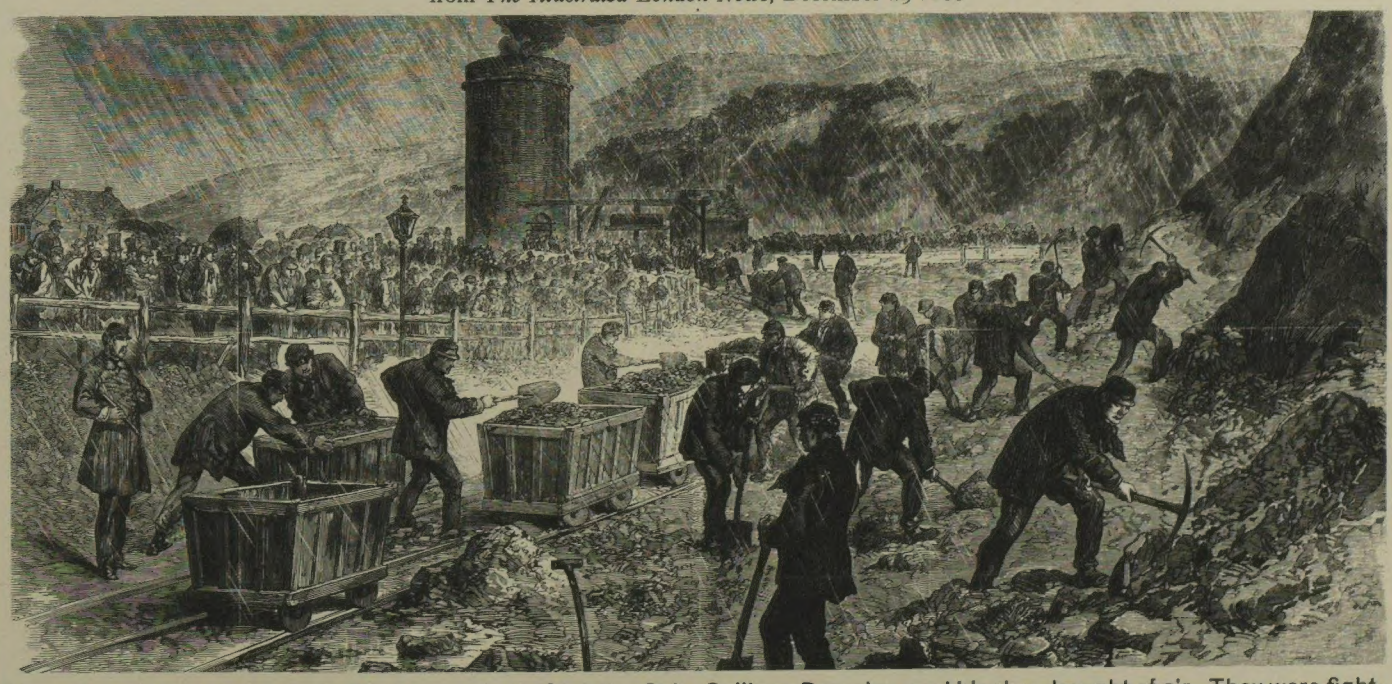
So wrote Chaucer in the heyday of conventional Christian belief and orthodoxy, and his lines are still as true as on the day they were written. And so we are forced back on to our own manifest incapacity to solve the mystery of existence, not only the existence of the universe, but, what most concerns us as conscious and sentient individuals, the explanation of our own personal being. The wider the range of terrestrial knowledge and science, the greater our command over matter, the more humiliating becomes our inability, and that of all the impressive philosophies, machines, and appliances we have created to answer that, to us, insoluble conundrum.

We can only shut our eyes to it and, if we still wish to claim omniscience, conceal our powerlessness to understand, let alone master our destiny, behind an unreal barrage of brave words, or alternatively fall back, as Christ bade his disciples fall back, on faith—the faith that can enable a man to face all dangers, bear all suffering and overcome seemingly omnipotent might.

"And Jesus answering saith unto them, 'Have faith in God. For verily I say unto you that whosoever shall say unto this mountain, *Be thou removed and cast into the sea*, and shall not doubt in his heart but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he saith.'" That mountain is the inexorable inexplicability and seeming purposelessness of life, inexorable and unanswerable, that is, without this act of faith in the divine spirit which we cannot prove by our intellect yet feel the need of in our hearts, and which we call God and which Christ by His life on earth made manifest. And so at the end of all, in this age of computers, astronauts, and omniscient commentators on every subject under the sun except the one that most concerns us all—the meaning and purpose of our personal existence—the only answer that satisfies is the one we learnt in childhood: the answer of that unique life—"never man spake like this man"—that began two thousand years ago when the wise men from the east asked their question: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him."

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

from *The Illustrated London News*, December 29 1866



Men pile rubble onto trucks to fill the cupola shaft at the Oaks Colliery, Barnsley, and block a draught of air. They were fighting a fire that followed explosions, "by far the most destructive of human life that have ever taken place" in which 349 men died.

RETROSPECT 1966

What made news in 1966? Looking back, we have chosen 18 of the most important events which were featured in *The Illustrated London News*. As pictorial as well as news value was considered in making the choice we have had to leave out some memorable events, among them the extension of US bombing of Vietnam to Hanoi, the economic freeze, the lost H bomb, and the scaling of the Eiger.

January 12, NEW DELHI. THE BODY OF MR SHASTRI was borne through the streets on its way to the banks of the Jumna for cremation. The funeral pyre was lit by Mr Shastri's eldest son, while some 1,500,000 people paid their last respects. The Indian leader, who was 62, died of a sudden heart attack in Tashkent on January 10, the evening after he had signed a peace pact with President Ayub Khan of Pakistan. He was succeeded by Mrs Indira Gandhi, daughter of his predecessor, Jawaharlal Nehru, and the first woman prime minister of India. Mrs Gandhi was sworn in at New Delhi on January 19.

March 11, AMSTERDAM. CROWN PRINCESS BEATRIX of the Netherlands married Claus van Amsberg. Protesting against the groom's German birth and "police-state methods," self-styled *provocateurs* set off smoke bombs as the royal coach passed. The couple expect their first child in the spring.

March 23, ROME. THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, Dr Michael Ramsey, met Pope Paul VI in the Sistine Chapel. This was the first meeting of leaders of Roman and Anglican churches since Henry VIII broke with Rome in 1533. The two leaders pledged their churches to work towards unity.

April 1, LONDON. HAROLD WILSON, here during his canvassing campaign in March, was returned to the Commons as Labour Prime Minister for the second time. His party scored a notable victory; they increased their majority, winning 363 seats to the Conservatives' 253 and the Liberals' 12.

May 16, LONDON. THE SEAMEN'S STRIKE began. It lasted 45 days; the congested King George V and Royal Albert Docks are shown on the 43rd day. It was the third-longest national strike in British history. Islands usually served by boat had provisions flown in. The ships became covered in barnacles. Shipowners estimated their loss in tens of millions of pounds. The seamen, led by William Hogarth, their union general secretary, wanted their 56-hour week cut to 40 hours. In a settlement, the shipowners agreed to give them a 40-hour week, in two stages, and nine days extra paid leave.

May 21, HIGHBURY STADIUM. MUHAMMAD ALI, the world heavyweight champion, ducked from Henry Cooper as the referee stopped their fight in the champion's favour in the sixth round. Cooper was spattered with blood after old scars opened up. Clay defended his title successfully five times this year.

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RETROSPECT 1966 *continued*

May 29, HUÉ. THICH NU THANH QUANG, a 55-year-old South Vietnamese Buddhist nun was one of those who burned themselves to death this year in protest against Premier Ky's military government. The Buddhists first used fire suicide as a protest weapon in their 1963 campaign against Ngo Dinh Diem.

July 29, HUMBER. *SEA QUEST*, the BP oil rig, here being towed from Belfast to its position near the Humber mouth, began drilling. The rig, which replaced *Sea Gem*, lost last Boxing Day, has completed work on one well. This year seven companies have reported large finds of natural gas in the North Sea.

July 30, WEMBLEY. ENGLAND BEAT WEST GERMANY 4–2 in the World Cup final. One minute before the end of normal time, Weber, of Germany, equalised the score with a goal off a free kick (above). England scored her two winning goals during 30 minutes' extra time, the last was the final shot of the competition. For Alf Ramsey, team manager for three and a half years, it was a personal victory. Bobby Moore, the captain, received the gold trophy from the Queen, showed it to the 93,000 crowd, then handed it to Ramsey. The whole team were named sportsmen of the year by the Sportswriters' Association in December.

August 1, HOUSTON. A GIRL HID as sniper Charles Whitman shot dead 14 and wounded 33 from a tower. He had already killed his mother and wife. In July eight student nurses were murdered in their Chicago hostel. In November, inspired by other mass murders, a youth killed five people in Mesa, Arizona.

August 12, LONDON. THREE PLAIN CLOTHES POLICEMEN were shot dead in Braybrook Street. Two of the gunmen, John Witney and John Duddy, were soon arrested but the third man, Harry Roberts, remained free until November 15. Despite one of the biggest manhunts ever mounted, Roberts evaded the police, spending most of that time in a well-camouflaged tent in woods near Bishop's Stortford. The three men were tried at the Old Bailey and sentenced to life imprisonment on December 12. The judge, Mr Justice Glyn-Jones, recommended that their release should not be considered for at least 30 years.

August 19, VARTO. VIOLENT EARTHQUAKES and a series of tremors began to shake eastern Turkey: 2,400 people died; 70,000 people, including this family group clustered in the ruins, were made homeless; 100 villages were completely destroyed, including most of the 60 in Varto, the sub-province of Mus.

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RETROSPECT 1966 *continued*

September 10, PRETORIA. THE STATE FUNERAL of Dr Hendrik Verwoerd, the assassinated South African Prime Minister, was a simple ceremony, attended mainly by white mourners. This fanatic exponent of the policy of *apartheid* was 64, and had been Premier since 1958. In 1960 he narrowly escaped death when David Pratt, a white farmer, shot at him at point-blank range. On this occasion, he was stabbed three times in the crowded House of Assembly. At his trial the assassin, Demetrio Tsafendas, was found mentally disturbed, and detained during the State President's pleasure.

November 4, ITALY. FLOODS, the worst for many hundred years, hit Italy: 120 people died and 30,000 were evacuated from the Po valley alone; 400,000 acres of agricultural land were inundated. This priceless 13th-century *Crucifixion* by Cimabue was one of countless art treasures which were ruined.

December 1, BONN. DR KURT KIESINGER was elected West German Chancellor to replace Dr Ludwig Erhard. He is seen with his Foreign Minister, Willy Brandt, formerly Mayor of West Berlin, after successful six-hour talks that agreed the coalition of their Christian and Social Democrat parties.

September 12, SPACE. COMMANDER RICHARD GORDON rode the nose of spacecraft Gemini 11, 180 miles above earth, during his 44-minute walk in space. In November, Major Edwin Aldrin space-walked for two hours on the final Gemini mission. Three-man Apollo spaceflights are due to begin in 1967.

October 21, ABERFAN. GRIEF-STRICKEN RESCUERS rest while digging in the slurry on a coaltip which had engulfed Pantglas Primary School and 17 houses: 116 children were among 144 dead; 50,000 toys and £1 million were received. An inquiry under Mr Justice Edmund Davies continues on January 10.

December 5, SALISBURY. IAN SMITH, the Rhodesian Prime Minister, told a small crowd he had rejected proposals to end the 13-month independence crisis. Throughout the year attempts to reach settlement had failed, culminating in the final summit meeting of Rhodesian and British leaders on board the cruiser *Tiger*. On December 6 George Brown flew to the United Nations demanding action against Rhodesia, and ten days later the Security Council carried the British motion, voting that mandatory economic sanctions, including one on oil, be imposed immediately against the illegal government.

CHAPLIN IN THE LIMELIGHT

Charles Chaplin returns to London this week for the royal world première of his new film *A Countess from Hong Kong* which opens on January 5. The 77-year-old cinema veteran with over 80 films behind him, was born in Kennington, but has spent most of his life abroad. He left England in 1910 as a comedian with Fred Karno's company on a United States tour and in 1914 came to the decisive point in his career: he appeared in one- and two-reel films for Mack Sennett's Keystone Company, in the Karno slapstick comedy tradition, and the same year directed his first film, *Caught in the Rain*. Most important, a new character emerged, dressed in baggy pants, tight coat, big shoes, with moustache, cane, and bowler hat. The little tramp, shy of women, lonely, wistful, clumsy, became the familiar " hero " in later works, notably *The Tramp*, *The Kid*, and *The Gold Rush*. Since 1910, Chaplin's visits to this country have been rare. Rich and successful, he returned to London in 1921, and a hero's welcome; crowds gathered to greet him at Southampton, Waterloo Station, and the Ritz. When they had dispersed he changed his clothes, slipped unnoticed from the hotel, and took a taxi to visit Kennington Road. Chaplin's second home-coming was ten years later; the occasion, a première of his silent film *City Lights*. In this and later films, he wrote the music as well as the story. Accused of being a Communist, he finally left the United States in 1952. His political views had already appeared in *The Great Dictator* (1940), which ended with a speech calling for world unity. Chaplin next came to London in 1952 for the royal première of *Limelight*. His new film, a romantic comedy, was made earlier this year at Pinewood Studios. It stars Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren, as well as various members of the Chaplin family.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford saw Chaplin off to England in 1921; the three later formed United Artists, which released nine Chaplin films, including The Great Dictator. *Chaplin (below) waved as the* Olympic *set sail. On arrival he addressed crowds who besieged his car outside the Ritz (right).*

Chaplin and his wife Oona were met by cheering crowds as they arrived by train at Waterloo in 1952. They had left America for the last time, after he had been accused of communist sympathies. Princess Margaret went to the première of Limelight *that year, where she met Chaplin and his leading lady, Claire Bloom.*

Chaplin came to London in 1931 for the opening of City Lights. *A large crowd (far left) met his train at Waterloo. Among his admirers was Albert Einstein, (left) whom he had met in 1926; he burst into tears during the film's final scene. At the supper (right) after the London opening, Winston Churchill proposed a toast to Chaplin, the Londoner who had won the whole world's affection.*

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY (BODLEY HEAD)

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY (BODLEY HEAD)

Westminster Scene

By Robert Blake

AS THE LAST DAYS of the old year slip away one cannot help wondering how 1966 will appear in the perspective of history. Will people remember it as a notable turning point, or will it merely be recalled as another election year to be remembered by students of political history but by no one else? Some years rapidly become dim and anonymous. For example, what of the slightest interest happened in 1952, apart from being an excellent year for claret? Or in 1948, which did not even possess that saving grace? On the other hand there are some years which we know even at the time are not going to be forgotten. There could be much dispute about the significance of the Suez crisis but no one could doubt that 1956 would figure in the history books. Nor is 1963 likely to fall into oblivion: the death of Hugh Gaitskell, General de Gaulle's *Non*, the Profumo affair, the resignation of Harold Macmillan.

I suspect that 1966 is going to be remembered, and not only because of a rather dull general election which came to a foregone conclusion. There are at least three other events which make it memorable. There was the economic crisis of July. There was the decision, however cautious and tentative, to attempt again to enter Europe. Finally there has been a new turn to the year-long Rhodesian crisis. How any of these events will appear to the historian in AD 2000 is a matter for speculation, but it is a safe bet that he will not be able to ignore them.

Let us, however, take the general election first. A recent politics paper in the Oxford entrance examination asked the candidates what was decided at the last general election. There was the inevitable crop of those who thought that " the last general election " took place in 1964, but even those who got it right were somewhat at a loss how to answer. This is not surprising. It is by no means easy to say exactly what a general election does " decide," if by that expression one means what it signifies or what indication it gives of the attitude of the nation to current political and economic controversies. But there is at least one proposition which can be stated without contradiction. The election decided which of two parties was to govern us for the next five years; or to be strictly accurate it decided which of two possible prime ministers was to have the *option* to retain power until March 1971, for of course Mr Wilson might see fit to dissolve a good deal earlier than that.

What else did the election signify? It brought an end to one of the least satisfactory periods of parliamentary history in modern times. The near deadlock created by the election of October 1964 made it impossible for either side to keep their eyes from the opinion polls. The continuous electioneering which had begun early in 1963 was prolonged far beyond its normal time. On any view it was a great gain that this at last came to an end. From a purely party point of view the timing of the election was admirable. Unemployment was very low—far too low for the nation's economic health. Prices had risen since 1964 but wages had risen much more, while productivity had risen less than either. Obviously this was the formula for economic disaster, but the cynic might well ask what better basis could there be for a dissolution? The only unemployed were the unemployable, and the great majority of the electorate were getting more pay for less work. No wonder Mr Wilson easily defeated his opponent Mr Heath, whose jeremiads fell on deaf ears.

Yet the Conservatives would not be right to explain the result of the election simply by this. If the public had voted for Mr Wilson solely because they were getting more pay for less work, then there ought to have been a very sharp revulsion when the follies of the Government's economic policy really did come home to roost with the sterling crisis of July. This necessitated a complete *volte-face* and a total reversal of almost everything which a Labour voter might have thought that his party stood for. The sacred rights of trade unions were suspended, the credit squeeze was harder than anything the Conservatives had dared to impose, unemployment was deliberately raised, the national economic plan was rendered meaningless overnight. Yet the Government retained its lead in the opinion polls, falling behind the Conservatives only once—in November by two points—and according to the latest figures would win an immediate general election by a comfortable if somewhat reduced majority. One can only suppose that whatever losses Mr Wilson has sustained among the normally faithful have been counterbalanced by gains from the uncommitted or even from the other side.

Moreover less depends in politics on what is done than upon who does it and how he does it. Mr Wilson is said to be a great admirer of the technique of the other Harold. He must have observed how easy it was to give away the Empire if one stood on the steps of White's Club and wore a Guards tie. Mr Macmillan could gain applause for actions in the field of foreign and imperial policy which no Labour prime minister would have dared to imitate. Likewise it is much easier to knock the heads of the trade unionists together if you were educated at a maintained grammar school and can talk with a plummy Yorkshire accent. Of course in both parties there are bound to be some people who actually believe in their party's principles and therefore object, as do Lord Salisbury and Mr Frank Cousins. But it usually takes a long while for them to make much headway, if indeed they ever do.

It is far too soon to say whether the measures induced by the July crisis really will prove effective. If they do, we shall no doubt hear a lot about the advantages of gritty planning, the virtues of ruthless modernisation, and the superior efficiency of Labour compared with Conservative government. The future historian may be taken in, and, with the love which academics always have for order and logic, may argue that Britain's economic ills were cured because for the first time we had a prime minister with a long-term plan, just as some historians still believe that Disraeli passed the Reform Bill of 1867 in order to enfranchise " the Conservative working man." Both are cases where contemporaries knew or know better. Mr Wilson's squeeze and freeze may work but they were in fact a panic response to pressure on sterling, not the product of a plan. Likewise contemporaries knew that Disraeli, whatever he said afterwards, passed the Reform Bill in the form that he did because it was the only way of keeping in office. There is far more improvisation and far less long-term calculation in politics than most historians recognise.

What else will be remembered about 1966? If Mr Wilson's move towards Europe comes to anything, the year will certainly be remembered for that. This was not perhaps a case of a *volte-face*, but it was, to say the least, an unexpected move on the part of a Labour prime minister. But it may well come to nothing. We simply cannot tell. The year will certainly be remembered for the unparalleled ineptitude of the prison service. The escape of the spy, George Blake, from Wormwood Scrubs, followed by the recent escape from Dartmoor of Frank Mitchell, has posed acute problems for Mr Roy Jenkins.

The year will also be remembered for the stresses and strains caused by the winding up of the last remnants of Britain's colonial empire. Rhodesia is the place which comes most readily to mind. Here again it is impossible to be sure about the outcome. I do not believe that mandatory sanctions by the UN can work unless they are applied against South Africa. Since this would be a piece of economic insanity which, to his credit, Mr Wilson seems anxious to avoid, there appears to be no reason for going to the UN at all except to avoid the black African states seceding from the Commonwealth. Over the coming months people are increasingly going to ask whether this would really matter.

The other place where colonialism is in trouble is Aden. The Bowen Report on procedures for dealing with suspect terrorists is an uncomfortable document. The scope of the inquiry was too limited for any clear conclusion to be drawn about the charges of cruelty made against certain investigators. As far as it goes the report is satisfactory but one may well wonder whether it goes far enough. This is a gloomy note on which to end a survey of the year, but it has been on the whole a pretty gloomy year.

It is customary for commentators to hazard at least one prediction for the next 12 months. Here is mine. Colonel George Wigg will still be in office this time next year.

ADEN REPORT: The report of Mr Roderic Bowen, QC, on the British system of interrogation of Adenis suspected of terrorism was published on December 21. It made two main recommendations: that the job should be in the hands of civilians, and that the present interrogation centre should be closed down. In the photograph Irish Guards are searching terrorist suspects this month in the Crater district.

The first James Christie held his first sale 200 years ago; he would sell practically anything, in flamboyant style. As a result of political upheaval in Europe, and financial upheaval at home, there has been a steady flow of treasures through the London salerooms during those two centuries. MICHAEL DEMPSEY visited Christie's bicentenary exhibition of paintings, and looked at their records.

HARD SELLING AND EXPERTISE

THE CATALOGUE for James Christie's first sale, on December 5,1766, makes bizarre and mysterious reading. " A bird in a jessamy tree "is one item, and " A fine large india bandazeer" another. Oriental china appeared frequently, under the heading of " blue Japan " or "Nankeen," and standard lots in a gaming age were " Mother o'pearl fish and counters." The saleroom was a much broader auctioneering platform in those days, and Christie was in no way averse to crying up his wares lavishly, and embellishing the sale with biographical details about previous owners. He once sold a coffin which had been destined for one who had made " a most remarkable recovery from a malady usually regarded by the medical confraternity as fatal." He became celebrated for his ambivalent advertisements, and was often shown in cartoons making preposterous claims.

This is a far cry from the decorum which, on the face of it at least, invests the St James's salerooms of the present day. The ways of publicity are more oblique, but excitement is generated none the less when someone's fortune is about to be made, as it appeared to be with the ill-fated *Judgement of Paris* last month, or when Rembrandt's *Titus* was sold to the Norton Simon Foundation last year for £798,000. Christie, Manson and Woods, as the firm is now known, still receive a huge amount of correspondence from hopeful property owners. Few of them however, match the optimism of the lady who wrote to them early in the last century of her willingness to sell, at a price, her collection of old bones in very good repair, or the correspondent who, possibly envisaging messianic powers of transmutation, addressed them as " Christ, Misson, Wook."

If all of the paintings which have passed through Christie's over the two hundred years were got together they would make up a comprehensive art collection. The exhibition which opens at Christie's in the New Year gathers over 60 of the most notable paintings that have gone under the ivory hammer, and includes the portrait of the first James Christie by Thomas Gainsborough. Gainsborough was a close friend of Christie, and that portrait was hung in the auction rooms in order to encourage further commissions for the artist. After Gainsborough's death, the remaining

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James Christie (top left) was known as " the specious orator " because of his promotional extravagance. Mr Peter Chance (top right), the present chairman of the firm, inherits a more decorous tradition. He is surrounded by experts like Mr Arthur Grimwade (left), the director in charge of the silver department, who started his career on the front counter and set out to make an index of the important silver which had passed through Christie's. He noticed, surprisingly, that certain items have commanded higher prices than they do today. Mr David Carritt (above) is in charge of Christie's picture department.

HARD SELLING AND EXPERTISE *continued*

works in his studio were put up for auction at Christie's, which set a valuable precedent. The studios of Reynolds, Landseer, Rossetti, Burne Jones, were all disposed of in the same way, as was that of Augustus John.

Christie's first picture sale was held in March 1767, when a collection of Italian, French, and Flemish paintings were auctioned. One cyclical aspect of the movement of taste is demonstrated here. The 17th-century Italian school which was popular then, and of which there were many examples in this country as a result of the Grand Tour, was to go completely out of favour among collectors. This was the situation until about 15 years ago, but since then that period has been one of the most sought after. Mr Peter Chance, the present chairman of Christie's, sees this as one indication of a more scholarly and intellectual approach to collecting which has grown up over the last 30 or 40 years. Certain families have collected specialised things which, largely owing to death duties, will appear in the salerooms unexpectedly, and require expert cataloguing by Christie's staff, who, in their departments need to be more concerned with academic matters than with merchandising.

Political and economic upheavals, however they operate in other directions, have made for consistent activity in the salerooms. The French Revolution caused a huge amount of treasure and furniture to cross the Channel from aristocratic families. This is the main reason why England is rich enough

Claude's The Enchanted Castle *(top) was sold in 1810 for 900 guineas, then again in 1848 for 2,000 guineas. If put up today, it could make up to £100,000, as could Moroni's* Spanish Warrior, *which was sold in 1882 for 53 guineas. Altdorfer's* Christ taking leave of his Mother *(right) was sold in 1885 for 23 guineas. If it were in a sale today the bidding could easily reach £50,000.*

Gainsborough's portrait of James Christie (detail right) used to hang in the saleroom. It is now in the collection of Mr Paul Getty, having remained in the Christie family until 1927, when it was sold to Agnew's for 7,200 guineas. The Young Waltonians *(below), by Constable, was sold in 1895 for 8,500 guineas. It came up again immediately after the war, and was sold by Lord Swathling for 41,000 guineas. Christie's auctioned the picture again five years later at 42,000 guineas.*

in French furniture for Christie's to be able to devote whole sales to it even at the present time. A few years after the Revolution, Madame Dubarry made a secret visit to James Christie, to ask him to sell her collection of jewels. On her return to Paris she was betrayed by a servant, and sent to the guillotine on a charge of stealing the treasures of the state. She had, however, managed to get her jewels out of the country, and Christie sold them a year later for almost £10,000.

Whether government financial policy is inflationary or deflationary, business increases in the salerooms, for the sake either of investment or liquidity. Fine-art dealing is one activity which has not been affected by the freeze. In the past the disgrace and ruin of great families, in the present the merciless operation of death duty has made the circulation of art treasures almost mandatory. Nelson was appalled to discover that the portrait of Lady Hamilton by Madame le Brun had been put up for sale at Christie's. He bought it for 300 guineas, "for I could not bear it should be put up at auction, and if it had cost me 300 drops of blood I would have given it with pleasure." Since then, prices for British portraits have not increased a great deal. Gainsborough is a major exception to this. The painters of outdoor scenes have appreciated massively among English paintings, but the huge price increases have been in the French Impressionists: £100,000 is not unusual as a starting price for one these days.

Rubens's The Nativity *was sold by James Christie in 1792 for 250 guineas, then again at Christie's in 1886 for exactly the same price. If sold now, it could make up to £100,000.* Gimcrack, *by George Stubbs, has been sold three times at Christie's since 1915, and has appreciated in price from the 220 guineas for which it was sold that year, to 12,000 guineas, which it made in 1951. Bidding for a Stubbs of this quality could reach £80,000 today. All the paintings shown here are part of the bicentenary exhibition of paintings which have been sold at Christie's. It is open from January 3–21.*

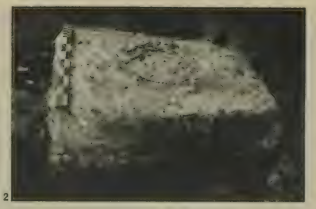
ARCHAEOLOGICAL SECTION NO 2260

At Stara Zagora, mid way between Plovdiv and Tirnovo in Bulgaria, excavations, accelerated by the construction of an irrigation dam, have revealed a villa of the first century AD. DIMITER NIKOLOV, Curator of the District Museum, Stara Zagora, discusses the finds.

A THRACIAN VILLA UNCOVERED

1

The Thracian villa of the first century AD (1) was revealed by recent excavations in an area to be flooded by the Chatalka irrigation dam. The view shows one of the courtyards of the owner's residence and the pool which occupied the majority of the court. The residence was surrounded by a massive wall.



2

Near the villa, a burial mound contained a marble sarcophagus (2) which, when opened (3), revealed the ashes and grave goods of a Thracian noble. Around it lay a collection of armour.

3

THE CONSTRUCTION of a large dam near Stara Zagora (northeast of Plovdiv in southern Bulgaria) prompted archaeologists to undertake large-scale excavations in the area that will be flooded. The place is rich in sites dating back to Eneolithic times (4000 BC) and up to the 14th century AD. The entire work of excavation and a thorough study of the area was entrusted to the archaeologists of the Stara Zagora museum whose excavations brought to light a country estate (*villa rustica*) and two adjacent sites: a landowner's house (*pars urbana*) and two farmyards and their buildings (*pars rustica*).

The landowner's house occupies a narrow terrace of about one acre at the junction of two small rivers. It was built on the foundations of an older settlement, which had existed from the fourth millenium BC to the first century AD. Despite the barriers formed by the rivers and their steep banks, which are about 30 metres high, the landowner had surrounded his home with a stone wall, two metres thick. The area thus surrounded was also divided into two parts by a thick wall. The owner's residence (1) was built in one half, around two courtyards almost entirely taken up by pools, while the servants' quarters and a large bath-house occupied the other half. The house was supplied with water by a conduit of clay pipes. Ashlar stone and mortar were used in building it, and its walls have been preserved to a height of two metres. Bricks were only used as building materials for the bath heating system.

The farmyards are near the house. They consist of a spacious uncovered area, around which stood the farm buildings, enclosing it on all sides. A big potter's workshop was found in one of them, and a big lime kiln next to the other. Each of these yards had a bath-house, built entirely of stone. The farm buildings were made of lath and plaster, only their foundations being built of stone and mortar.

The history of the villa is clearly reflected in its architecture, and in the materials found in it. It was built early in the second century AD, was destroyed by the Goths in the middle of that century and again in the fourth century; it was not restored after the second destruction. A peasant population settled among its ruins and in the middle of the fifth century the Huns depopulated this area, so that the population withdrew behind the double walls of the fortress built on the nearby hill. Life continued there from the sixth to the 14th century.

Archaeologists who have studied villas in the Roman provinces almost always ascribe them to Roman settlers or veterans. The wall which surrounds the villa near Stara Zagora would easily mislead anyone studying it, for he could well ask himself whether some settler had not hidden behind it from a hostile local population. However, a number of facts indicate that the villa was owned by a local aristocratic family. This is apparent from the general plan of the house, as well as from the manner of building and the Thracian shrine found in its walls, but it is proved most of all by the seven burial mounds near it.

The custom of piling mounds of earth over the tombs of Thracian notables was already mentioned by Herodotus in the fifth century BC. There is no other settlement in the region of the villa, to which the seven mounds could belong. Therefore, the owners of the villa were buried beneath them. The first burials discovered in the mounds last year fully confirm these conclusions, and at the same time shed a new light on Thracian history.

So far three burials have been found, those of two men and one woman; the bodies were cremated, a typical Thracian custom. Some of the articles found in the tombs are exactly like those found in the villa, and indisputably prove the link between the estate and the mounds. The newly discovered burials at the Chatalka Dam are the richest of their period to be found in Bulgaria. Besides the quantity of the articles buried and the extravagant amount of gold and silver, the finds are remarkable for certain rare, and even unknown objects.

The woman's burial was found under the earth of one of the mounds. A square pit was dug in the untouched earth beneath the mound, at the bottom of which a tomb was built of bricks and mortar. The body was burnt over the tomb, and the charcoal and remains of the bones were then placed inside. Several glass vessels (*balsamaria*) were placed upon them, together with shoes with leather and cork soles, a small iron knife, and other accessories; the top of the entire tomb was covered with fine textiles, which may have been garments. After this the tomb was roofed with big bricks, plastered with mortar. Three wooden toilet boxes were discovered around the tomb, ornamented with stucco inside and out and richly decorated with masks, heads, and busts in bronze; clay, glass, and bronze vessels were placed beside them. Another pair of slippers with leather soles were found here, together with a fine bronze patera, a piece of sponge, and a beautiful opal ring. Inside the tomb, amid the charcoal, two gold necklaces were found, the one with emeralds and the other with pearls, which had melted, also a massive gold ring (13.3 grammes), with a plaque on which was depicted a sandal-shod foot, a gold ear-ring with a gem and pendants, and other ornaments (7). Two bronze coins, though badly damaged, date the find to the end of the second or the beginning of the third century.

The shoes and textiles are undoubtedly the most valuable of these finds, as they are in comparatively good condition. Such discoveries are rare in archaeological experience, and they enable us to gain knowledge of articles about which our only ideas derive from descriptions, verbal or pictorial.

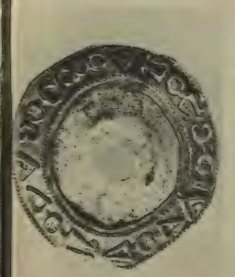
The two men's burials were found in the biggest of the mounds, which is 20 metres high and has a diameter of 120 metres. One of the burials was found at the top of the mound: the ashes of the buried man were found in a little sarcophagus or urn carved out of limestone, around which were an iron sword, parts of a shield, spear heads, a beautiful bronze candelabrum, and a massive bronze lamp. This burial may be dated back to the middle of the second century. The lamp and candelabrum, rare in form, are particularly valuable.

The second burial, found in the last days of 1965 in the earth covering the same mound, was far richer. It was found at a depth of ten metres from the base of the mound, but it must originally have been at the top of a mound, over which a second mound was piled. The ashes of the dead man were placed first in a copper box with a lid, then in a small sarcophagus (2 and 3). A small alabaster vessel was placed on the remains of the burnt bones. A garland of gold platelets, shaped like oak and laurel leaves, was placed on the marble sarcophagus.

Rich sets of war and state armour were placed near the sarcophagus. Here there were three iron swords, the handles of which were richly ornamented with gold and silver (6), spear heads, small three-edged arrows, parts of bows, shields, and such. The defence armour was the finest: it consisted of a coat of mail of small iron rings and silver buckles, a neck-piece of scaled armour, and thigh-pieces shaped like trousers to cover the entire legs, including the feet.

4

Beside the sarcophagus (2) were various elements of armour, including this splendid bronze helmet-mask. The elegant curls, the irregular nose, and haughty features suggest that it was a portrait.



5

Associated with the second male burial (2 and 3) was a quantity of arms and armour of very high quality. Among them was a gold circle (5) with a number of cryptic motifs, which may have been a shield boss. Some of the finest work was found in the sword hilts (6), which were richly ornamented with gold and silver in stylised animal motifs in Thracian style.

6

In the woman's grave of the three so far excavated, at Stara Zagora, a considerable quantity of gold jewellery (7) was found, including these ear-rings and pendants, as well as a number of textiles.

7

This was the first armour of this kind to come to light in Bulgaria, and that is why it is considered the most valuable find of this site. It is made of narrow iron bands, placed parallel to the legs and connected by bronze hinges. To this list should be added a pair of iron spurs, a find as rare as the armour for Bulgaria. It is known that the ancient Greeks and Romans did not wear spurs.

The exquisitely made bronze helmet-mask (4), which shows the proud and haughty features of this aristocrat of ancient times, completes the armour. The low brow, surrounded by a garland of curls, the irregular nose and energetic clean-shaven chin give the mask the character of an individual portrait.

Beautiful vessels of bronze and silver were found arranged in two wooden caskets on the other side of the sarcophagus. They contained a bronze tray with two movable handles, jugs for wine and water, an iron water bottle with a bronze chain to be worn over the shoulder, massive bronze paterae, a bronze lamp with a double wick, a heavy bronze candelabrum with ornaments in relief, a windproof lantern, bronze strigils and other objects.

This happy mixture of objects has more than once come to the aid of archaeologists in solving the most intricate problems. If a local Thracian tradition is perceived in the armour and its ornamentation, the hand of south-Italian masters of the first century AD is apparent in the bronze vessels. These Roman objects, found in larger amounts, and better studied, come to our aid in dating our find. It cannot be earlier than the middle, nor later than the end of the first century. This is the period when Roman rule was consolidated in what is present-day Bulgaria, a period in which the local aristocrats, who had taken service with the Romans, had not yet broken with local traditions. This is apparent in the helmet-mask, the armoured trousers, the three-edged arrows of the Scythian type, and particularly in the animal style of conventionalised ornament on the handles of the swords.

After the burials in the remaining mounds have been excavated with the chariots and horses belonging to them (which are to be expected with certainty), the archaeological excavations carried out by the Stara Zagora museum will become some of the most important sources for the history of Thrace in the period of Roman rule, and possibly long before this.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

AN APPRECIATION

War at its worst

Russell's Despatches from the Crimea, 1854-56, edited by Nicolas Bentley. Deutsch, 50s.

THE CRIMEAN WAR can hardly be described as one of the more glorious episodes in British history, but it was immortalised by two names—Florence Nightingale and William Howard Russell, a nurse and a journalist who between them effected a revolution. They had, indeed, a great deal in common beyond the fact that both were born in 1820 and lived to an advanced age, for neither of them would take no for an answer, they were utterly fearless where authority was concerned, and as a result of their respective activities the lot of the British soldier, in sickness and in health, was immeasurably improved in consequence of an unhappy conflict in which it had reached its nadir.

By going to war at all Great Britain had drifted into hostilities with the one power in Europe which had not the slightest desire to cross swords with her, and she had done so utterly unprepared. Forty years earlier the British army had been the master of European battlefields, and at the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman the British soldier proved that he could still fight with the best; but the service as a whole had vastly deteriorated since Waterloo, and the blame rested very largely with the victor in that battle, namely the Duke of Wellington himself. He should never have allowed the government of the day to reappoint him Commander-in-Chief in 1842. He was 73 years of age, and extremely deaf; like all old men who have lived active lives he could rise to a crisis, as he was to prove in 1848, but he was past routine work of the type that was demanded of him. Furthermore, he was extremely apprehensive of the revolutionary forces which seemed to be threatening the very basis of the social and political order, and this increased that aristocratic consciousness which was so prominent a feature of his character. The result was that he tended to pay undue attention to the claims of birth in selecting officers for promotion, so that when the Crimean War broke out two years after his death men were in high command in the army whom he would never have tolerated in such positions in his Peninsular days.

In effect the real consequences of the Iron Duke's tenure of office at the Horse Guards—and increasing senility—only became obvious when war broke out, and it is pitilessly mirrored in these pages. On occasion, we are told, the editor of *The Times*, the famous Delane, hesitated to publish what his correspondent wrote, so severely critical was he of what today would be described as "The Establishment." Yet in the end Russell was found to have performed a service to the man in the ranks which was not fully recognised until long afterwards, for behind him and Florence Nightingale there was at the War Office the honest and fearless Sidney Herbert, and the three of them exerted a humanising influence which in the end spread far beyond the army.

In Britain since the days of Waterloo both military command and administration had been allowed to decay to an alarming degree. For 40 years the politicians had shirked every measure, financial and administrative, which might have allowed of even a small expeditionary force being sent overseas in a fit state to take the field. The troops dispatched to the Crimea were no more than a collection of regiments devoid even of the material resources and technical knowledge which would have enabled a much smaller colonial expedition to be brought to a rapid and successful conclusion—in India matters had never declined to a like degree. In the Crimea, therefore, the soldier was called upon to make good many and grave defects by the display of a stolid, tenacious bravery far in excess of what might have been expected of him. Only by chance a new training camp had been opened at Chobham in Surrey a short time before war broke out, so that a few troops at least had acquired a slight familiarity with the more elementary branches of work in the field.

Such being the case it was hardly surprising that before a shot had been fired the bare truth stood revealed—the organisation, administration, and even the command of the military forces were out of date. The army had lagged so far behind the nation in the technical and material progress of the age as to have become an anachronism. Every deficiency was now mercilessly disclosed by the use of the newly introduced electric telegraph for reporting the course of the campaign, and for the first time in British warfare there was a military correspondent present with the troops, while "security" in its modern form was unknown. By these means a relentless light was focused on the mistakes of politicians and high command as never before.

Not that the British Tommy of that age—or any other—was a plaster saint. The Crimean army consisted largely of hardened soldiers of the old school, some prematurely aged through the hard life of barracks, others undermined by drunkenness. The majority were illiterate, yet stolid, shrewd, and long-suffering. Their language was as coarse and blasphemous as ever it was a century and a half earlier, when we are told that "our men swore mightily in Flanders." They still suffered from a thirst which needed much slaking: indeed it is related that near Balaclava not so many years ago there might still have been seen great piles of beer bottles that had been there since the siege of Sevastopol. If there was less drunkenness in the Crimea than in the Peninsula it was probably because drink was harder to obtain, and the cheap Spanish wine, that frequent cause of indiscipline, was not available. If there was no looting or "living on the country" in the Crimea it was for the simple reason that space and opportunity did not facilitate the practice as in the Peninsula.

These men had all the toughness of their predecessors, but they had been allowed to remain unaffected by the humanisation of the daily life of the civil population which had been effected during the previous generation. What Russell wrote of their struggles in the trenches, and of their sufferings in the hospitals, aroused the nation as never before. His revelations went a long way towards overturning a government, but they had the more permanent effect of ameliorating the conditions of the British soldier, and it was in very different circumstances that the Queen's troops took the field in the South African War.

CHARLES PETRIE

NEW FICTION

Home of the weird

Henry Lawson's Best Stories, chosen by Cecil Mann. Angus & Robertson, 37s 6d.
The Centre-Piece, by Peter de Polnay. W. H. Allen, 21s.
Hannah and the Peacocks, by Edward Caddick. Secker & Warburg, 30s.
Doobie Doo, by Ivan C. Karp. Heinemann, 21s.

HENRY LAWSON'S face looks out from the wrapper of this selection of his stories like an intelligent wild bird—stringy neck, large dark eyes, an expression both sad and challenging. His stories, made up of this same blend of the tough and the sensitive, are anecdotes and yarns of the legendary Australia before the First World War, of small outback towns and "the grand Australian bush—the nurse and tutor of eccentric minds, the home of the weird," as he calls it in the gruesome tale of "The Bush Undertaker." A poet and ballad-writer as well as a marvellous storyteller, Henry Lawson is still not widely known in this country although he is one of Australia's literary heroes.

These stories, admirably chosen by Cecil Mann, give some idea of his talents for describing the rough and primitive existence of cattle-drovers and shearers, miners and union men, and their even tougher, wives. Like Dickens, whose novels are mentioned more than once in this collection, he had a big heart, hated cant and had a sentimental affection for the wild and free: his drunks, criminals, and gamblers who are at the bottom level of society have the independence of the undefeated, and Lawson, as a good radical, always upheld their rights as human beings. From this class he takes extraordinary characters like Mother Middleton (in "The Golden Graveyard"), or the drunken Mrs Johnson (in "The Rising of the Court"), or the soft-hearted shearer who is always taking round the hat to help his less fortunate friends; and from their desperately hard lives, observed to the last telling detail, he creates stories warm in human understanding and wryly funny in their down-to-earth and unexpected humour.

Beside Lawson's gritty realism, the novels this week seem a very flossy little trio about trivial people whose troubles can hardly be taken seriously. The only one to show a degree of sophistication is *The Centre-Piece*, a thoroughly professional job, using the never-failing and classic formula of the party, a structure which has its own built-in elements of suspense and climax. All the novelist has to do is to play host: select the guests, find a good reason for the occasion and then keep a vigilant eye on the subsequent goings-on. Mr de Polnay chooses a rather special milieu—the world of American and English expatriates living, for one shady reason or another, in Paris. Doyenne of the scene is Harriet Visser Long, an American millionairess, 65 but answering to 50, a determined and tyrannical beauty; she lives in a dream of past and future lovers, and a dinner party is to be given in her luxurious house for a young English composer who may be her next victim. The guests include two of her ex-lovers and a collection of sycophantic hangers-on who come for a free dinner; vignettes of their seedy lives contrast nicely with the full-scale preparations for the glamorous evening ahead—the flowers, the food and wine, and Harriet's own transformation at the hands of assorted beauty-ladies. The book has an enthusiastic puff from Nancy Mitford (who no doubt approves of the description of the drawing-room with "the fake Chippendale looking-glass above the chimneypiece"), acclaiming it as a true picture of the Anglo-Saxons in Paris. She should know: but, truth apart, it makes an entertaining performance, a skilfully judged malicious comedy circling around the not entirely meretricious radiance of Harriet, the centre-piece of the action.

Sister under the skin to Harriet is Ruth, another ageing but resolutely unfading beauty, who causes all the trouble in Edward Caddick's *Hannah and the Peacocks*. Recognisable on her first appearance as one of the tribe of possessive and clinging mothers, she successfully wrecks the engagement of her son to Hannah, priggish nanny to a London family. Hannah gets taken up by a young man who lives with her strange landlord: but is he or isn't he queer? Somehow everyone in the novel moves to Tangier, except Ruth who has been unmasked as an alcoholic; she stays home and comes to a suitably horrid end. In Tangier a couple of evenings in a homosexual brothel resolve a few doubts, and true love triumphs. Naïve as it all sounds, Mr Caddick has taken some trouble to fit it out with a complicated design of mother- and father-images, meant to motivate the conduct of his character; there are some good bits of descriptive writing in the Moroccan episodes, and an extremely good first chapter which promises much more than we are subsequently given.

With a title like *Doobie Doo* you expect something frivolous and you get it. At least, the plot, for want of a better word, doesn't weigh very heavily. The erotic adventures of Maynard Ricefield with two New York girls, one cool and one sultry, are cheerfully recorded in a gush of Joycean *double-entendre*; but accompanying this is a kind of raucous *obbligato* of social and political comment, intended as a cynical but half-serious image of modern America. Mr Karp writes off the top of his head, fast and fluently and with a remarkable lack of inhibition about making bad jokes. As it happens, I like bad jokes, but thousands don't; if you react favourably to something like "it would all come out in the gouache as Goya used to say to that babe he painted on the couch," then this is your book.

PATRICIA HODGART

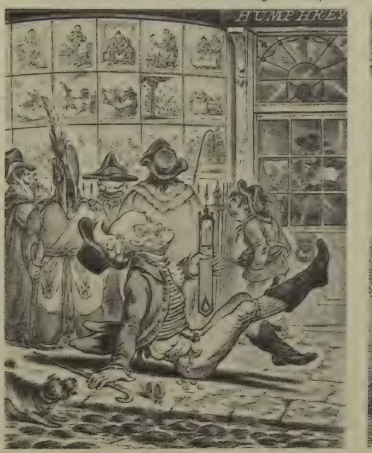
Savage satirist of the human situation

The Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the King feast on John Bull's blood. 1787.

London is menaced by lava from the volcano of the French Revolution. 1794.

A satire on the amours of the Prince of Orange at Hampton Court. 1796.

Pitt the dog leads blind, burdened John Bull—but whither? 1796.



Gillray spent his last 18 years at this print-shop. 1808.

The ladies of the town welcome a country visitor. 1778.

Bitter, callous, and brutal, the caricatures of James Gillray, keenly sought after in his day and reviled during the Victorian era as the obscene products of a deranged mind, are now reinstated in esteem, and Gillray is acknowledged as the father of the British cartoon. Born in 1756, Gillray died in 1815, so that his adult life spanned four decades which included the American and French Revolutions and the Battle of Waterloo—an inspiring period for a political satirist if ever there was one. Gillray was a pessimist, a misanthrope, and probably a manic-depressive, yet the very savagery of his work reveals a concern for the human condition. The 100 caricatures reproduced in **Fashionable Contrasts** (Phaidon Press, 58s 6d, chosen and annotated by Draper Hill), include examples of his political, royal, portrait, and social cartoons, with detail portions which show the mastery of technique which Gillray commanded in etching and engraving. He was a prolific artist, and produced nearly 1,000 prints during his life, besides several hundred drawings and watercolours. A contemporary source (probably George Cruikshank) reported: "When he etched he worked furiously, without stopping to remove the burr thrown up by the etching needle; consequently his fingers often bled from being cut by it"—and indeed many of the cartoons carry a sense of torment. They mirror a personality as harsh and cynical as the age he lived in.

U.R.

THEATRE

The Christmas world

I WOULD LIKE very much to read Professor Pevsner on the outward aspect of the pantomime world: that mixture of spiky turrets, Scottish Baronial, Olde Englysshe timber-framing, and traditional Hotel Ballroom. It is an odd world in many ways. In the London Palladium **Cinderella** it would like to be in the 18th century, but there are times when, as another dramatist puts it, the centuries must kiss and commingle.

Why not? Tradition in pantomime means a cheerful anarchy; though the shade of Perrault may wonder how a demented picnic party and a night at a haunted inn (all sheeted ghosts) have got into the original narrative, and though a trained accountant should consider the finances of Stoneybroke Hall, I would not have the business otherwise. Palladium audiences are not in the least astonished to have a singing group (the Shadows) as the Brokers' Men; they are happy with a small elephant called Tanya, and not at all put out to find her decorated with diamanté, doing a balancing act just before the Palace scene; and when Buttons observes, " I can't stop to chat you up," they never dream of asking whether this is indeed the language of *Cinderella*.

The point is that practically anything can happen in pantomime: the more irrelevant the better. Today's rarity is a script in rhyming couplets, and at the Palladium, I am sorry to say, even the Godmother speaks in plain prose. One of the season's surprises is a certain amount of straight storytelling: Pippa Steel as the Hon Cinderella Hardup—let us be formal for once—has quite a night on her progress from rags to riches, with the serenely vocal Buttons of Cliff Richard to support her in the kitchen, a well-regulated Godmother to cope with rats, mice, and pumpkin, and the right kind of Prince (Peter Gilmore) for a romantic finale.

Her step-sisters, the Uglies, are rather less horrid than usual, even if Teresa (Terry Scott) receives the proper fusillade of booing. The other one, Eunice (Hugh Lloyd), can be quite a pathetic creature, though over-attached, I agree, to one not very funny joke. These are the peripatetic grotesques of pantomime. In Stoneybroke Hall they must hold a mad tea party. At a picnic they must chase a too agile cheese. At the haunted inn they must dive through clocks and cupboards and disappear in collapsible beds. At the end they arrive at the Prince's garden party, wearing their special hats, one crowned by a small Tower Bridge, the other by a miniature Big Ben. Moreover, Teresa has a tumultuous undressing scene in which skirts and petticoats, layer upon layer, strew the floor: First Gravediggers who used to remove half-a-dozen waistcoats in *Hamlet* would recognise the jest.

All said, Albert J. Knight, the director, has done a most ingenious job in the magical-pictorial-nonsensical. Traditionalists may miss one or two things. I report with pleasure that, although towards the end of our three-and-a-quarter hours Cliff Richard and the Shadows led us in a clapping and stamping song, we were spared that panto-ballad competition in which one side of the house sings against the other. And there is no Food Song this year: also, perhaps, wise.

In the middle of **The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew** (Aldwych), I suddenly dashed down on the programme, in semi-legible red pencil, a great thought by the Good Magpie. " You talk!" he said to someone, startled. " Most human beings only twitter!" Far too many holiday plays in the past have merely twittered. Here, thanks to Robert Bolt, is one that talks. It is—as we can recall from last year—the tale of a knight-errant who leaves a not very Arthurian Table Round to cope with injustice in the Bolligrew Islands. Doubtless somebody will search earnestly for a topical parallel—" layers of meaning," you know. Actually, this is Robert Bolt enjoying a gentle skirmish round the world of chivalry. We realise that the veteran Sir Oblong Fitz-Oblong (studied so precisely by Sebastian Shaw), whose crest seems to be a strawberry more or less rampant, will succeed in his mission; it is as enjoyable as it was last December, and will be (I hope) for many seasons ahead, to meet the kind of people a knight-errant must face.

Chief among them is the corrupt Baron Bolligrew, naturally named Jasper and now—as acted by Roy Kinnear—given to stammering, heaving mirth: he is a soft-shell villain wavering between braggadocio and a pouting despair. Then there are his squire, Blackheart (Nicholas Selby), who sleeps in his armour and who can be disturbed by a loose rivet; Moloch, academic demon (Charles Kay), in a foaming frenzy of magic that would please John Wellington Wells; and, of course, the Dragon, immured with flaming eyes in a cave like a railway tunnel. Now, instead of the author's recorded voice, we have Paul Scofield's, at first a menacingly edged man-of-the-world drawl, then a triumphant crunch. Trevor Nunn has directed with all speed and invention.

Bolligrew should have many seasons, though I doubt whether any holiday play will endure as **Peter Pan** has done. It is still a grand theatrical moment—and do not ask me why—when, at the Scala, and under a crescent moon, Peter swoops in at the Bloomsbury window. Julia Lockwood takes command from the moment she arrives; without the otherworldliness of Jean Forbes-Robertson, she does suggest the " boy eternal," and we can rely on this Peter's generalship. Moreover, Miss Lockwood has imagination. I have never known " To die will be an awfully big adventure " spoken with quite this sense of uncertainty. The new Hook (Ron Moody) is a fairly devilish fellow—not, I think, in the fullest tradition. Once we took a very young playgoer to *Peter Pan*; after it was over he could talk of little but " the green King " (Hook in the spotlight). I am not sure that the newcomer Hook will have bitten quite so deeply.

In the circumstances, **The Ballad of the False Barman** (Hampstead Theatre Club) had better not intrude on the holiday theatre. There will be time next week to return to the composition of an odd affair (by Colin Spencer; music by Clifton Parker) that had me thinking during the night of Genet, *Dracula*, Victorian melodrama, and the moment in *Cymbeline* when the King recognises his son by a mole. I might add (also from *Cymbeline*) another line, "How come these staggers on me!"

J. C. TREWIN

Cinderella (London Palladium): Cliff Richard is serenely vocal as Buttons and Pippa Steel suitably enchanting in the title role; but the ugly step-sisters, played by comedians Terry Scott and Hugh Lloyd, are rather less horrid than is traditional. **The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew** (Aldwych): A holiday play with a " message," admirably acted by Nicholas Selby (Squire Blackheart); Charles Kay (Moloch the Magician), and Roy Kinnear (Bolligrew).

DOUGLAS JEFFERY

CINEMA

Double feature

Gambit (Odeon, Leicester Square) is an entertaining story about a would-be crook's theft of a " priceless work of art ". Michael Caine plays the thief and Shirley MacLaine is the girl involved both professionally and romantically. What makes this film more complicated than others from this syndrome—*How to Steal a Million*, *Topkapi*—is that the story is run through twice, once ideally (when everything goes to plan) and once in actuality (when certain human elements intrude), and that for every expected twist to the plot there are at least two more unexpected ones.

Caine wants to steal Herbert Lom's statue of the Empress LiSsu, which looks like Shirley MacLaine, who looks like Herbert Lom's dead wife. He does it with some difficulty and when it is all over and Caine is in Hong Kong we discover that in fact he has stolen only a copy, which when the news of the burglary leaks out will be sold as the real thing. But Miss MacLaine, indignant at having been involved unwittingly in a robbery, now refuses to be a party to any swindling. She's a reforming girl and Mr Caine has to make a choice between her and the statue. He decides on the former and smashes the copy, but of course that is not the end there is another catch. . . .

Ronald Neame directs and includes many Jules Dassin effects, the most obvious of which is the staging of the robbery in silence. Michael Caine gazes myopically up liftshafts and through bookcases (why doesn't he wear his glasses), and Shirley MacLaine's performance is attractive.

Few will find Ann-Margret's brashness in **The Swinger** (Plaza) attractive. The leering vulgarity of this film is unrelieved, as is the tedious humour. Ann-Margret is a " nice " girl whose personality is " wholesome "; she also writes, but no one will publish her stories. She decides therefore to write a fictional " sexy " autobiography, full of scenes of depravity, orgies, strip-club dancing, and whoring. This she sells to *Girl-Lure* magazine (surely it should have been " Man-Lure ") and for the publicity for this story she acts out all the scenes in it. The joke, however, is that we are supposed to think that this does not come naturally—that she is a good girl at heart. But her good-girl clothes are so brief that I found it hard to believe that stripping did not come naturally. For sheer throbbing vulgarity *The Swinger* is unrivalled, and the device that permits this parade of vulgarity is not even particularly subtle.

Hammer Films have never been ones for subtlety and **One Million Years BC** (ABC, Fulham Road), is no exception. The world begins with a big bang and to the accompaniment of some special musical effects we see hairy grunting men and women chasing a pig. These are the cave people and they have been born into a " hard unfriendly world " (location: the Canary Islands), and we follow the story of one of these blue-eyed cave men (John Richardson) as he wanders around attacking, being attacked, and avoiding attack. On his travels he bumps into a brontosaurus, a tricops, a ceratosaurus, a flying pterodactyl, and Raquel Welch whose figure is equally startling. She lives by the sea and is consequently gentle (how about that for psychology) and together they wander some more.

JAMES ASTOR

Gambit (Odeon, Leicester Square): Michael Caine involves Shirley MacLaine in almost successful con-man activities.

The Swinger (Plaza): Ann-Margret is the swinger who sells her fictional autobiography to a disreputable magazine.

One Million Years BC (ABC, Fulham): John Richardson and Raquel Welch wander in a " harsh unfriendly world."

Revivals: Audrey Hepburn in *War and Peace* (Classic, Baker Street, January 1–7); Marilyn Monroe in *The Seven Year Itch* (Classic, Chelsea, January 1–7); Peter Sellers and Sophia Loren in *The Millionairess* (Classics, Waterloo, Leeds, January 1–7); Zinnemann's *The Nun's Story* (Classic, Belfast, January 2–8).

GARDENING

The rathe primrose

AS SOON AS the winter solstice is over it is, in the favoured gardens of Britain, nearly spring. It is true that very often the worst of the weather is still to come, but it is also true that flowers begin to bloom; once that has happened, and though they be snowdrops which belong, in any case, to winter, any snow still present or to come is clearly seen to be ephemeral. Among the earliest flowers of the late winter and very early spring are some of the coloured primroses.

Coloured and double primroses will grow, and some at least will naturalise, wherever wild primroses are at home. And they should be grown in the same way as the wild ones, and never used formally. Primroses are flowers of banks, ditches, damp sloping meadows, and the skirts of woods. In gardens made in the English manner—that is with some tendency to compose a " natural " picture—there is usually somewhere where primroses can be given the right kind of situation, if only in the broader cracks in the paving of a path. One thing is fairly important; fully exposed to sun where the soil dries out they do well enough in spring and winter, but will flag badly in summer.

I think that probably the first primrose in flower is *P. altaica grandiflora*, a very hardy kind of good constitution with flowers of a pale lavender-rose. P. " Wanda, " which needs no description, will spread almost like a native and is earlier than the earliest wild primroses. A very small and delicate primrose with salmon-pink flowers, which can be most charming where it really settles down, is called " E. R. Janes." But it is not one of the easy ones and it is useless to persist with it if you find that it tends to disappear from your garden.

There are several good primroses with mauve flowers: the two best I have seen myself are " Groenekens Glory " and " Mauve Queen," both growing in Miss Marjorie Fish's very richly planted garden in Somerset. In a garden near Dublin I saw a very early primrose with small pink flowers, a silvery pink edge, and a salmon eye; it was charming and its name was " Irish Polly " but I subsequently discovered that in Britain it is usually sold under the name of " Kinlough Beauty." At all events, it is Irish. In the category between mauve and deep purple there are again several, and again I saw the best in Mrs Fish's nursery, the name being " Jill."

In my Devon garden, occurring naturally or seeming to do so, have been one or two very fine and floriferous plants of a pure white primrose, a most lovely flower; it is, as a matter of fact, very unlikely to have been really natural there; it was probably the vestige of an old planting. It was so good that I tried to discover if it had a name; it had: " Craddock White," and I have never seen a white primrose to equal it.

Despite opinions to the contrary, I do not believe that many of the double primroses are as robust and persistent in gardens as the singles, which is a pity because they are among the very few double flowers which are as pretty as, and sometimes prettier than, the singles. There are, however, some fine exceptions, and in my opinion the best is a magnificent primrose—for all the world like a miniature carnation—called " Marie Crousse." It has purplish crimson flowers with silvery petal edges. A true purple is " Tyrian Purple " which is perhaps a misnomer; at least, I once read somewhere that Tyrian purple was really a rich crimson and not purple at all. As with singles, the blues are very difficult and troublesome plants. Mrs Fish, very experienced with scores of kinds of primroses, recommends " Marine Blue " in *An All the Year Garden* (Collingridge). " Bon Accord Blue," one of the " Bon Accord " series, is a better colour, a truer blue, but fails after two or three years: many of the doubles belong to rather ancient—even perhaps 16th-century—clones, and they seem to be worn out, perhaps by virus disease. But there is at least one fairly robust; deep red, with velvety textured petals, " Madame de Pompadour."

The true blue single primroses are difficult. I once decided to build up a real stock of them, to have them in my garden the way other people have primrose ones. I failed. For year after year I planted seed in conditions which succeeded with other primulas of all kinds, but rarely got more than five or six seedlings; the seed, moreover, was very dear, and sometimes when one sent for a supply one was told that the seed had failed that year and there was none to be had. Of the plants which I did raise, a few persisted; the polyanthus kind, that is the one with many flowers branching on pedicels from a single stout stem, were much easier than the true primrose kinds, but they were not what I wanted. Nevertheless it is very well worth while to keep trying, for the true blue primroses are among the earliest as well as the most beautiful of the whole genus. Turning for a moment to the polyanthus kinds, one sometimes sees very fine blue ones being sold as pot plants in florists and garden shops; it is worth buying one and planting it out to increase at the crown, for division later, because such plants are often selected for their superior colour, whereas from seed one gets everything from a pale Cambridge to a deep Oxford—if lucky, otherwise, flowers with too much of a mauve or purplish look.

Again at Mrs Fish's place I saw some green primroses, one single and one double. I cannot say that I thought much of them, but if you happen to like green flowers, then the single is easy, but the doubles, of which there are several kinds, are troublesome and apt to disappear. Another curiosity, but with other merits, is the hose-in-hose type of primrose, which has one corolla within another. The only one I ever grew was primrose coloured with a faint orange flush and was called, I think, either " Lady Lavinia " or " Lady Lettice." But specialists in these plants have half a dozen or more kinds, and there is said to be a blue one; I have never seen it, however.

EDWARD HYAMS

J. E. DOWNWARD

Primroses " are among the very few double flowers which are as pretty as, and often prettier than, the singles."

TRAVEL

UN: The very "useful role" of tourism

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY of the United Nations on November 4 unanimously passed a resolution proclaiming 1967 as International Tourist Year, with the purpose of promoting tourism "in view of its useful role in the educational, cultural, economic, and social fields." This high-sounding expression may seem far removed from lazy days on a Mediterranean beach, or a leisurely cruise to the West Indies, but it nevertheless shows the importance which is attached to contemporary tourism. Although the figures for this year are not yet available, those for 1965 are impressive enough, with more than 115 million tourists throughout the world, spending the equivalent of nearly £4,000 million, which is just over six per cent of the total world exports of merchandise. It is somewhat ironical therefore that next year will also see the full implementation of the £50 travel allowance for UK citizens, which came into force on November 1.

While this must have some adverse effect on the more expensive holidays in the non-sterling areas, all the indications at present are that next year will see just as many visitors making their way from this country to the Continent. In a leading article at the beginning of December, *Travel Trade Gazette*, the industry's weekly newspaper, stated "Although there may be no actual exuberance there is certainly considerable optimism and . . . there appear to be few major worries." Tour operators and transportation companies in conjunction with hotels and supported by national tourist organisations have really pulled out all the stops in order to present a truly astonishing range of holidays, all well within the £50 allowance.

As there still seems to be some uncertainty about the application of the allowance let me restate it as succinctly as possible. For the year November 1 1966 to October 31 1967, each traveller will be allowed up to £50 in foreign currency or travellers' cheques. In addition *each* time you go abroad you can take up to £15 in sterling notes, which is also convertible. The allowance applies to everyone irrespective of age, so that should you be taking children with you they will be entitled to the full amount. If you take your car with you there is an extra £25 allowed, and this also applies if you hire a car abroad for five or more days and make the booking in this country. These allowances are for pleasure travel, as businessmen receive a special allocation of £20 per day (maximum £1,200 for any one trip), and invalids can get £7 per day for both patient and companion up to £630 in all.

These restrictions apply to the non-sterling area, which means all of Europe with the exception of Ireland, Iceland, Gibraltar, and Malta, and all of the Middle East and North Africa except Cyprus, Libya, and Jordan. Of course both Canada and the USA are included, but most of the West Indies are not. Among other sterling—that is unrestricted—areas which attract visitors from the UK are South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and India. Out of the allowance will have to come the cost of hotels, meals, entertainment, and general spending, whether you go independently or on an inclusive holiday. Transportation however by air, rail, scheduled bus services, and on all British ships and certain foreign-registered vessels, does not come out of the allowance but is paid for in sterling. In the brochures of the inclusive tour operators there is a reference, for every holiday, to a V-form amount. This is the sum which has to be deducted from your allowance for accommodation and so on, and is not an extra charge. For example, a two week holiday on the Algarve coast is £75 and the V-form amount is £33; this means you would have £17 available for spending, plus the £15 convertible sterling, making £32 in all.

Morocco's Rif coast can now be reached by plane; flights are to Al Hoceima.

Dunn's River Falls at Ocho Rios, Jamaica—far afield but in the sterling area.

Although the inclusive holiday was always a better bargain than making your own arrangements, this year it has an added attraction. Tour operators who reserve hotel rooms in block bookings naturally get these at lower rates than the individual tourist, and this saving is reflected in the over-all price. This means less to come out of the allowance and consequently more for spending. There is little doubt that many previously do-it-yourself holidaymakers will be switching to inclusive tours this coming year, and the trend of bookings so far seems to confirm this. As an extra service several tour operators have made arrangements with the airlines concerned for the issue of prepaid vouchers for buying duty-free cigarettes, drinks and perfume on board their aircraft, thus leaving the £15 sterling entirely free.

I have been asked on numerous occasions recently just how much the independent holidaymaker can afford to pay for full pension per day and still have sufficient to spend. This depends to some extent on how much you normally require for extras such as drinks, entertainment, and so forth, but with a typical two-week holiday the maximum you should allow for a hotel is about £3 per day, which would permit £23 spending money in all, not in itself all that much but quite enough to get by on. If you require more expensive accommodation then the answer is to cut the length of your holiday. I strongly advise against committing almost all of your allowance for hotel accommodation, leaving a meagre sum for spending. It is surely better to have ten days with an easy mind about cash than 15 worried about the cost of every cup of coffee or glass of brandy. Regrettably one or two holidays that I have seen in a few brochures, based on a half-pension or bed-and-breakfast basis at expensive hotels, do not appear to have taken into account that other meals have to be purchased—and that can be a big item. Care should be taken when booking an inclusive holiday to establish exactly what the price includes.

In order to conserve your allowance make sure that as many items as possible which you may require on holiday have been bought beforehand in the UK. For example clothing, toilet goods, films, medical requirements, sun glasses and sun lotion, and, if taking children, some toys, should be included before you leave home. Buying these abroad would unnecessarily diminish your meagre supply of foreign currency.

Although the old favourites will continue to dominate the holiday scene in 1967 there are a number of newer places which will be attracting British visitors. Among these is the beautiful Dalmatian coast around Split where a new jet-size airport has recently opened; Albania, a country which has not only considerable natural beauty but was until a very short time ago completely unknown to the British visitor; the Gargano area of southern Italy, coming into prominence because of the new airport at Foggia; the Latina coast with its superb beaches between Rome and Naples; the island of Minorca, smallest and least developed of the three main Balearic islands; the dramatic Rif coast of Morocco, which is really new, with flights for the first time to Al Hoceima, a fishing port on the Mediterranean; and the Mar Menor, a large lagoon area south of Alicante in Spain. Of course the sterling areas in the Mediterranean—Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus (I shall be writing about the last in the February 11 issue) will undoubtedly have a bumper year. One of the most interesting developments in connection with these is the two-centre holiday, with a week in the sterling area such as Malta and a week at a currency-restricted resort such as Taormina in Sicily. This is getting the best of both worlds. Farther afield holidays, to the West Indies (now becoming almost as popular in summer as in winter), South Africa, India, and Australasia will have even greater appeal this year. Cruising in British-registered ships where no restrictions of currency apply will be a certain winner, and inevitably resorts at home should benefit also, especially from those who normally take two holidays per year.

Throughout 1967 I shall be writing a fortnightly series of informative and, I trust, interesting articles on many aspects of travel and holidays both abroad and in this country. The subjects to be covered include villa renting, taking your car abroad, cruising and cargo boat travel, and special-interest holidays as well as detailed accounts of specific areas throughout the world.

This seems a suitable place to say a few words about national tourist offices, of which there are over 60 in London representing countries as far apart as Iceland and New Zealand, Barbados and Japan. Every European country, except Albania, is represented. These offices were established by their respective governments to supply information to intending holidaymakers and travellers; they are not travel agencies and you cannot make any bookings with them. The information which they supply is entirely free and consists of brochures, booklets, maps, hotel lists, and so forth. Many of these are beautifully produced and besides giving you hard facts provide interesting background knowledge on each country. These publications can be obtained either by writing for them or calling personally at the offices. General enquiries are also dealt with either by correspondence or personal application, but readers will appreciate that it is not usually possible for these offices to work out detailed itineraries. Space does not allow me to give the addresses of these offices here, but they are all listed in the London telephone directories. If, however, you cannot get hold of any particular address I shall be pleased to supply it.

DAVID D. TENNANT

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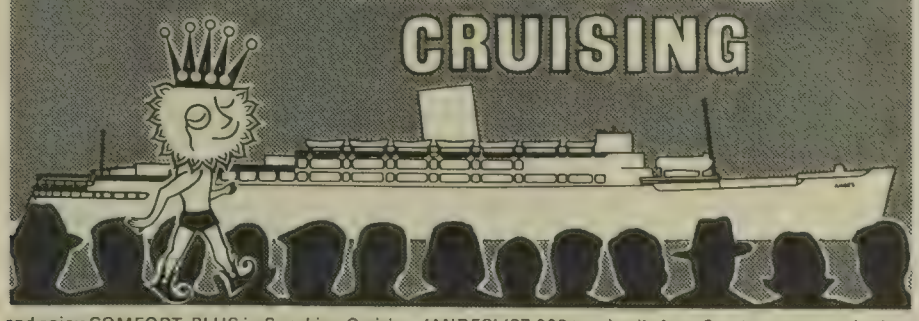

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FASHION

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The luxury fabric of this tailored town coat is a mixture of cashmere and mink. By Aquascutum, about 80 guineas. From Aquascutum, London, Bristol, and Manchester.

The coat in proofed check tweed reverses to off-white gabardine. By Burberrys, about 23 guineas. From Burberrys, Haymarket, London SW1; William Anderson, Edinburgh.

The shortie overcoat in overchecked tweed has a Prussian collar and matches a two-piece suit. Both by Daks, coat about £24, suit about £24. From Kendal Milne, Manchester; Morgan & Ball, Birmingham.

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Detail from a rediscovered marble Portrait of Cosimo I by Cellini.

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January issue, now available, includes the following

A rediscovered marble Portrait of Cosimo I by Cellini, by Dr. Walter Heil.
The Colonna Frescoes of Pietro Tempesta, by Marcel Röthlisberger.
Pre-1756 Derby Domestic Wares, contemporary with 'Dry-Edge' figures, by Dr. Bernard Watney.
The rôle of the Monotype in the working method of Degas–I, by Mrs. Eugenia Parry Janis.
Some notes on Piero della Francesca's 'St. Michael', by Martin Davies.
Don Vincenzo Vittoria, by Sir Anthony Blunt.

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BUSINESS IN THE NEWS

Sixth will be first to rule its books

THE BANKS divulge little about their financial results. Because of exemptions granted them under company law they need not inform shareholders of the actual profit earned in one year. Profit figures are made public after undisclosed transfers to hidden reserves. This means that the clearing banks over the years have—or should have—built up vast reserves that do not appear in the annual balance sheet. In fact their actual strength is in all probability a great deal more than even their formidable published reserves indicate.

However, though they say little they say it soon after the close of the financial year, as if to demonstrate their greater expertise in handling financial information. Industrial companies have been known to take a year and more to produce results. Most British companies get their provisional profit figures out within three to six months after the close of the year. The big banks produce theirs in a matter of days.

The banks mostly rule their books at the end of December and if the past is any guide the first to announce its profits in the coming week for 1966 will not be one of the " Big Five "—Barclays, Lloyds, Midland, National Provincial, and Westminster—but the sixth largest, Martins. Indeed there will be a few eyebrows raised if Martins preliminary profit statement is not posted at the Stock Exchange on the first working day of the New Year.

Although Martins covers the whole of the country with its branches, and probably would not have remained independent of one of the " Big Five " for so long if it had not, its main ties are with the north of England and its head office is in Liverpool. Some of the names of the board of directors give away the links with Lancashire in particular. There is Sir Rex Cohen, formerly chief of the Lewis's Investment store group which was well entrenched in the north-west before Selfridges came into the group and long before the whole lot was taken over by Mr Charles Clore. There is Sir John Nicholson, a former chairman, of Martins, and a member of the Merseyside shipping family. Mr John A. Holt represents yet another famous Liverpool shipping family; so does Sir John Brocklebank.

Even before shipping and commerce one associates Lancashire with textiles. So it is fitting that the chairman of this board is a life-long textile man. Although he now lives in Westmorland **Sir Cuthbert Clegg** is in fact a Lancashire man and has held office in the county as well as serving with the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry. Predominantly, however, he is a textile man from a textile family. His main interest now is through his directorship of Viyella International which absorbed the family firm when it acquired Clegg and Orr.

For years Sir Cuthbert has given unfailingly of his time to the textile, and particularly the cotton, industry. He is president of the United Kingdom Textile Manufacturers' Association, and is also on the board of Stone-Platt, the leading textile machinery manufacturing group. To show that he is not tied to Lancashire, however, he has a seat on the board of the Yorkshire-based Halifax Building Society.

Industry's " Oui "

AS FAR AS British industry is concerned, Mr Wilson and his government need have no worry about initiating fresh talks to join the Common Market. Most sectors of industry have for long realised that the long-term benefits of being inside the Community—an enlarged Community at that—would far outweigh the short-term problems which are bound to arise. Now there comes a loud and clear call from the Confederation of British Industry precisely on those lines.

After 14 months of hard labour, the CBI's special steering committee has issued its report—" Britain and Europe: An industrial appraisal." This has been accepted by the grand council and will now be discussed with trade associations and other interests. Individual companies, too, will be canvassed for their view on a broad sample basis.

But the most significant aspect is that the special committee made up of 24 men covering the broadest possible spectrum of industry have no doubts in their mind. Their message is simple: there would be a clear and progressive balance of advantage to British industry from membership of an enlarged European Economic Community; the Treaty of Rome and the Community's method of operation are acceptable, given reasonable transitional arrangements; entry should be negotiated as soon as possible.

Clearly, there are some ifs and buts concerning the transitional period. This will have to be negotiated, for there is no doubt that the Community members, too, would like a gradual easing in of Britain. For the whole balance of the group will be altered by British membership—not to mention the likelihood of other EFTA countries also coming in. Again, there is bound to be an immediate drain on the balance of payments, estimated at around £250 million, as a result of the EEC's agricultural policies but this should be balanced by the expected boost to British trade.

Much of the credit for the CBI's lucid and well-documented report must go to the committee's chairman, **Mr A. G. Norman,** who has played a prominent part in helping British exports in Europe. Apart from his many functions past and present on the CBI—he has just been made deputy president, which suggests succession in due course—he was deputy chairman of the Export Council for Europe between 1963 and 1965. Appointed a CBE this year, it would not be surprising to find him featured again in an early honours list.

Gerry Norman is not yet 50, and when not devoting himself to the country's export problems heads the boardroom of De La Rue, the banknote to plastics group whose Formica has proved such an outstanding winner. His association goes back a long way. He joined the company soon after leaving Blundell's in 1934. Seven years later he was a pilot in the RAF, became a Wing-Commander, and was awarded the DFC and bar. He rejoined De La Rue after the war and quickly climbed the ladder, becoming managing director in 1953. He has been chairman for two years.

Mr Norman's hobbies include golf, tennis, cricket, shooting, and gardening at his home in Dorset.

The Imperial season

THE CHRISTMAS and New Year period is an important one for Imperial Tobacco Company. Consumption of cigarettes and cigars is boosted by countless parties, and tobacco in some form or another has always been a popular gift. In recent years the group has been even more closely identified with the festive season. Like cigars and cigarettes, potato crisps have become necessary extras wherever drinks are served. And Imps now have a major share in this multi-million-pound market recently dominated by Smith's.

" Golden Wonder," the Imps brand, has grown swiftly in popularity, backed by powerful and expensive advertising. Judging by the recent interim profit announcement from Smith's Crisps it is unlikely that " Golden Wonder " is yet making profits for the group. Last year it lost £800,000. The general problem affecting the crisp-makers, apart from the intense competition between them, is last season's shortage of suitable potatoes in the home market, and the subsequent sharp rise in those imported from Europe. Golden Wonder cannot have escaped.

The traditional cigarette business has never been short of headaches for Imps. For years they have suffered almost annual increases in tobacco duty, making the struggle for market shares all the more bitter. Imps has done better than most. In the coupon " war " of recent years their Embassy brand has triumphed in the standard-size filter-tip section of the market, and more recently their Player's No 6 has been a striking success among the smaller cigarettes. Embassy now has 23 per cent of the market and No 6 12 per cent, while Imps total share is around 65 per cent.

It may be that the tobacco companies can look forward to less harsh treatment by the Government as far as duty is concerned. However, they have other worries. The voluntary curb on advertising ran out at the end of November but it is no secret that the Minister of Health will be keeping an eye on developments. And of course the television advertising ban continues. The Government is now believed to be under pressure from the anti-smoking lobby both to cut down on advertising and intervene in the coupon war.

The man who has these problems on his shoulders is the Imps chairman, **Mr Ernest John Partridge.** Now 58 years old Mr Partridge has spent all his working life in the tobacco industry. He joined Imperial Tobacco when he was 15 on leaving Queen Elizabeth's Hospital at Bristol. He rose steadily in the Imps hierarchy to become chairman in 1964. His other directorships are with the associated Tobacco Securities Trust and British-American Tobacco.

Though his own formal education was short Mr Partridge has long had a strong interest in education and training. Now he is not only a governor of Queen Elizabeth's but also of Clifton College and Badminton School. He is chairman of the Industrial Management Research Association. When not gardening at his home near Bristol he spends his leisure time mountain and fell walking.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Rhodesia

Sir: You have been kind enough to publish letters from me in the past, and yours appears to be one of the few overseas publications even willing to give a White Rhodesian a hearing; so now, in this desperate position in which we find ourselves, I turn to you again.

The breakdown of negotiations between Mr Smith and Mr Wilson has been a bitter disappointment to all Rhodesians. Nevertheless, even those of us who are not supporters of Mr Smith's party could not have expected him to agree, especially in such a hurry, to proposals presented in the form of an ultimatum.

From the history of past negotiations with the British governments, Conservative as well as Labour, Rhodesians have every reason to distrust British politicians. Two thirds of the electorate voted in favour of the 1961 Constitution, which guaranteed *eventual* majority rule, after studying a White Paper and being assured that it would make us entirely independent of Britain except for dealings with foreign countries or money markets. At the last moment, the British Government slipped into the Constitution Section III (which did not appear in the White Paper) which, it was subsequently realised, gave full power to Whitehall to alter the Legislature and Executive of Rhodesia. From this stemmed all our troubles with the African nationalists who thought that, as in Kenya, by instigating violence (against their *own* people) and with the backing of the Afro-Asians, they could prevail on Britain to suspend the 1961 Constitution.

With this in mind, was it not reasonable to ask for a little more time than 35 hours to clarify certain points such as:

(a) a guarantee that Sir Humphrey Gibbs would not at any time be replaced by a Governor unacceptable to Rhodesians;

(b) a guarantee that ministers in the "interim government" must be mutually acceptable to Mr Smith and Sir Humphrey;

(c) a clarification of the Governor's powers—the Working Document only says *normally* he would act on the advice of Mr Smith;

(d) some provision to be made in the event of the Royal Commission deciding the new Constitution not acceptable to the people as a whole. This is the crux of our main difficulties, as it lays itself open to the British delaying tactics so familiar to Rhodesian governments of the past, and Mr Smith felt quite rightly that we could so easily find ourselves in exactly the same position as before UDI.

The future of our country is too important to us to rush into a hurried agreement, which could be interpreted at will by the British politicians, just to save Mr Wilson's face with the Afro-Asians. Further, Mr Wilson's statement that the offer to Rhodesia of an Act of Union with Britain with the right to elect representatives in the British Parliament was an "act of unparalleled generosity" is an insult to the independent nature of Rhodesians. We have no intention of being a minor British county, or, in fact, the dependent of any other country.

I wonder what has happened to the much-vaunted British sense of fair play. For many years, before and after the last war, our Prime Ministers were welcomed at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conferences. But, ever since Rhodesia became an issue, we have been refused admittance and have been tried and judged in our absence.

Further, the United Nations Charter says that in any dispute where interested parties are not members of the UN (Article 32, I believe) they have a right to appoint a representative to put their point of view. Under this article, Rhodesia applied in April (when Mr Wilson first asked permission of the United Nations to use force to blockade our oil) for a hearing, and was refused (or rather the request was ignored). We have once again made application for a hearing in this present dispute, but are told that we have no right to be heard, except through Britain's spokesman—and he's sure to put our point of view fairly, isn't he?

DOROTHY STEBBING,
Salisbury, Rhodesia.

European—or English speaking

Sir: The whole question of Britain's "entry into Europe" has become clouded with a smog of wishful thinking, but certain grim facts emerge with menacing clarity. Our European "friends" insist upon a strict adherence to the Treaty of Rome. There are to be no concessions. We must sever the human connections built up over a hundred years with the daughter nations of the Commonwealth. The complex trading links that have enabled us to survive, and with the undaunted courage of the offshore islanders have enabled Europe itself to survive must be sacrificed. The housewife must pay more for her food in order to satisfy the rapacity of the French farmer. The strong bonds of language and the tradition that bind us to the United States, and the only protection free Europe possesses against Russian domination must be abandoned—and the United States nuclear umbrella be exchanged for the dubious advantages of the Paris–Moscow axis.

Add to this the gross misreading of British history. All our interventions on the Continent were to prevent England becoming submerged in an alien, repulsive system. An "offshore island", the head of a world-wide transoceanic Commonwealth is one thing—an *offshore province*, no longer transoceanic is another. The true line of advance is the formation of a North Atlantic and Pacific free trade area. The English-speaking world on both sides of the Atlantic needs to think clearly, deeply, and afresh. Sir Arthur Bryant commands a willing ear—his life-long devotion to history fits him to call us to our senses.

PHILIP HEMINGWAY,
Wareham, Dorset.

CORRECTION: ICONS. *Due to an unfortunate mistake we quoted a price of "about £10" for the icons from the Temple Gallery illustrated on pages 20–21 in last week's* Illustrated London News. *In fact only the 18th-century Balkan religious folk paintings in the exhibition cost this price; the others range between £500 and £3,000. We apologise to the Temple Gallery and disappointed purchasers for this most regrettable error.*

Christmas crossword solution

Here is the key to the crossword set by Lucien Harris in our Christmas number.

C	A	N	T	I	L	E	V	E	R		I	C	O	N
H		O			A		I		E		N			O
A	R	T	S		C	O	R	N	C	R	A	K	E	S
R		I		P			T		E		M			E
L	A	C	T	I	C		U	N	S	T	U	C	K	
E		E		T	O	M	E		S		D			C
S			S		R				I		D			H
T	H	E	T	H	R	E	A	D	O	F	L	I	F	E
O			O		I				N		E			S
N			N		G		A	D	A	M		A		S
	P	R	E	T	E	N	D		L	A	B	L	A	B
U			C		N		M			R		K		O
S	E	C	O	N	D	H	A	N	D		H	A	H	A
E			L		U		S		U			L		R
D	O	W	D		M	A	S	T	E	R	M	I	N	D

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BRIDGE

Outrageous results

It has always been puzzling to me that no one has taken the trouble to describe how big scores are lost and won since Simon's *Why I Lose at Bridge.*

In the early days of contract when the most popular opening bid was a conventional one club to show a five-trick, or potential game, hand, I remember reading how a distinguished player explained his loss of 4,600 points on one deal. Possibly he conjured the play from his imagination; but the contract looks reasonable even if most of us would now make a natural opening bid of three no-trumps instead of employing a conventional weapon. The effect of the artificial opening bid was calamitous. Game all; dealer South.

	♠ J 10 ♥ 10 9 8 ♦ 8 7 4 2 ♣ J 10 7 6	
♠ A Q 7 6 4 3 ♥ A Q J 6 5 ♦ — ♣ Q 9	N W E S	♠ 9 5 2 ♥ 4 3 2 ♦ 9 3 ♣ A 5 4 3 2
	♠ K 8 ♥ K 7 ♦ A K Q J 10 6 5 ♣ K 8	

South	West	North	East
1 club	1 spade	no	no
1 no-trump	2 hearts	no	no
2 no-trumps	double	no	no
redouble	no	no	no

West was sufficiently alert to the nature of the declarer's hand to spurn the lead of a heart or a spade. He opened with ♣ 9, won by his partner, who returned a small spade. After West had taken his ♠ Q and ♠ A he found another entry in his hand with a third spade. A heart was led through South's ♥ K, and West collected the next eight tricks, leaving the declarer to guess whether he should keep the ♣ K or ♦ A. South decided that West was more likely to hold the ♦ 9 than the ♣ Q, discarded his ♣ K and lost the last trick.

This sounds like a fairy tale, although I can remember several players who have called three no-trumps and failed to take a trick, and many of us have lost thousands through an ill-timed redouble. More recently, I was dealt a hand which but for the light-hearted nature of the game I would have thrown in; yet it yielded nearly 2,000 points. Game all; dealer West.

	♠ Q 10 9 6 4 ♥ A 9 5 2 ♦ A ♣ 9 5 2	
♠ J ♥ K J 8 4 3 ♦ K 10 6 5 2 ♣ 8 6	N W E S	♠ 8 5 ♥ Q 10 6 ♦ Q 7 3 ♣ A Q 7 4 3
	♠ A K 7 3 2 ♥ 7 ♦ J 9 8 4 ♣ K J 10	

West	North	East	South
no	no	no	1 spade
double	4 spades	double	redouble
no	no	no	

Having once decided to open the bidding and after the raise, I could rely on my partner for at least two tricks and substantial trump support; otherwise he would have waited to hear what the opponents had to say, since neither had sufficient for an opening bid. I never expected the galaxy of tricks which dummy produced.

West led the ♠ J won in dummy, and there followed the ♠ 10 and the ♣ 9. When this held the trick and a second club was won with the ♣ A there was an end of the play. The declarer could cross-ruff all his losers. The score of 1,830 points does not seem great when a small slam might have been bid and made—but I might have thrown in the hand. Obviously, the double of a game contract on the strength of an informatory double by a partner who has passed can be very expensive.

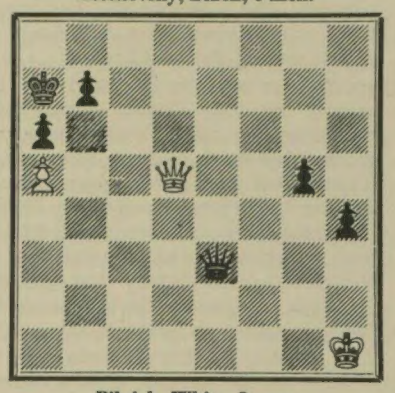
EDWARD MAYER

CHESS

Stalemate

There are plenty of people who look upon stalemate as just about the stupidest thing in chess—especially those who happen to suffer from a swindle like this, which cost Reshevsky a precious half-point in the US Championship of 1942:

Reshevsky, Black, 6 men.



Pilnick, White, 3 men.

Three pawns to the good, he took only a cursory look at his opponent's move **1. Q–KB5** before replying **1 . . . P–N5??**

If White now plays 2. Q×P, Black sacrifices his second king's side pawn to force off the queens, by playing 2 . . . Q–K8 ch; 3. K–N2 (or R2), Q–N6 ch and after 4. Q×Q, P×Q, White must obviously play 5. K×P; whereupon White is helplessly remote from the scene of action on the queen's side.

No doubt Reshevsky cast a wary glance at 5 . . . P–N3 6. P×P ch, K×P; 7. K–B3 and noted that to advance the QRP indiscriminately would throw away the win, as the white king can get across to QN2 just in time to catch it. Marching down the queen's knight's file with his king would also prove inadequate, as the white king can just get to QB1 in time either to answer Black's . . . K–QR7 by K–QB2, and keep the black king imprisoned on the rook's file impeding his own pawn for ever; or else to penetrate to the queen's rook's square putting as permanent an end to Black's aspirations of queening.

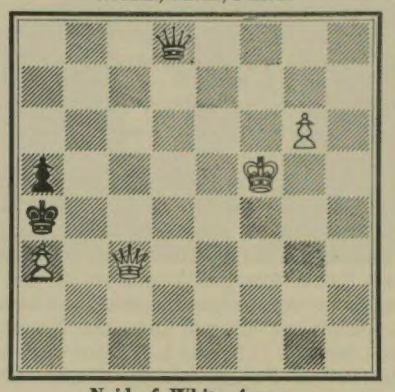
No, Black would have to go about the job more methodically; he has time to wander round—however laborious the operation may appear—after White's 5. K×P (on his KN3), by 5 . . . K–N1; 6 . . . K–B2; 7 . . . K–B3; 8 . . . K–N4 and 9 . . . K×P, before the white king can come to the rescue; and of course with two pawns, Black wins with ease.

All this analysis (which flashed through Reshevsky's mind, I am certain, in less time than it has taken you to follow it here) proved hopelessly beside the point.

Pilnick played 2. Q–KB2!! and Reshevsky had to play 2 . . . Q×Q—STALEMATE—as any other move would cost him his queen.

Can you find Black's move in the next diagram? White has just played 1. P–N6.

Redolfi, Black, 3 men.



Najdorf, White, 4 men.

Of course! 1 . . . Q–Q6 ch, forcing the reply 2. Q×Q—and Black is stalemated. Draw!

In England from 1600 to 1800 a stalemated player lost. The meaning of stalemate in common speech dates from a quite limited period when a stalemated player was only condemned to inaction.

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